HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. II.—No. 98.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858. [Price Five Cents.

CONTENTS.

I. The New Brick Church, with an Engraving.
II. Ode to an old Humbug.
III. Editorials.
IV. The Lounger.
V. The late Election in the City, with two Illustrations.
VI. The Primrose, by Charles Mackay.
VII. Paul Morphy's Chess-Playing in Paris, with an Illustration.
VIII. Literary.
IX. Domestic Intelligence.
X. Foreign News.
XI. Corn-Husking in New England, with three Illustrations.
XII. Bulwer's "What will he do with it?"—*Continued.*
XIII. Fact, Fancy, and Fun, by a Southern Lawyer, with two Illustrations.
XIV. A Slip between Cup and Lip.
XV. Chess Chronicle.
XVI. Market and Financial Reports.
XVII. Comicalities.

THE NEW BRICK CHURCH IN FIFTH AVENUE.

We herewith present an engraving of the New Brick Church in Fifth Avenue, which was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on 31st October. The venerable pastor, Rev. Dr. Spring, officiated on the occasion with his usual solemnity and earnestness. His text was in Leviticus, xix., 30: "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary." After a few words of joyful gratitude on the auspicious occasion, he proceeded to set forth the reasons why men should reverence the sanctuary—1. Because it is the house of God; 2. For its moral and religious power; 3. For its conservative influence; and, lastly, for its social influence in the community. These considerations were urged with remarkable force, and with a beauty of illustration in some measure peculiar to Dr. Spring, but at this time with more than his usual felicity. Perhaps the best passage in the sermon was his exhibition of the conservative influence of the sanctuary. Having completed the discussion of the theme, the pastor called upon the people to stand up, and the whole assembly rose and stood, while, in measured and majestic words, he devoted the house to the worship of the Triune God!

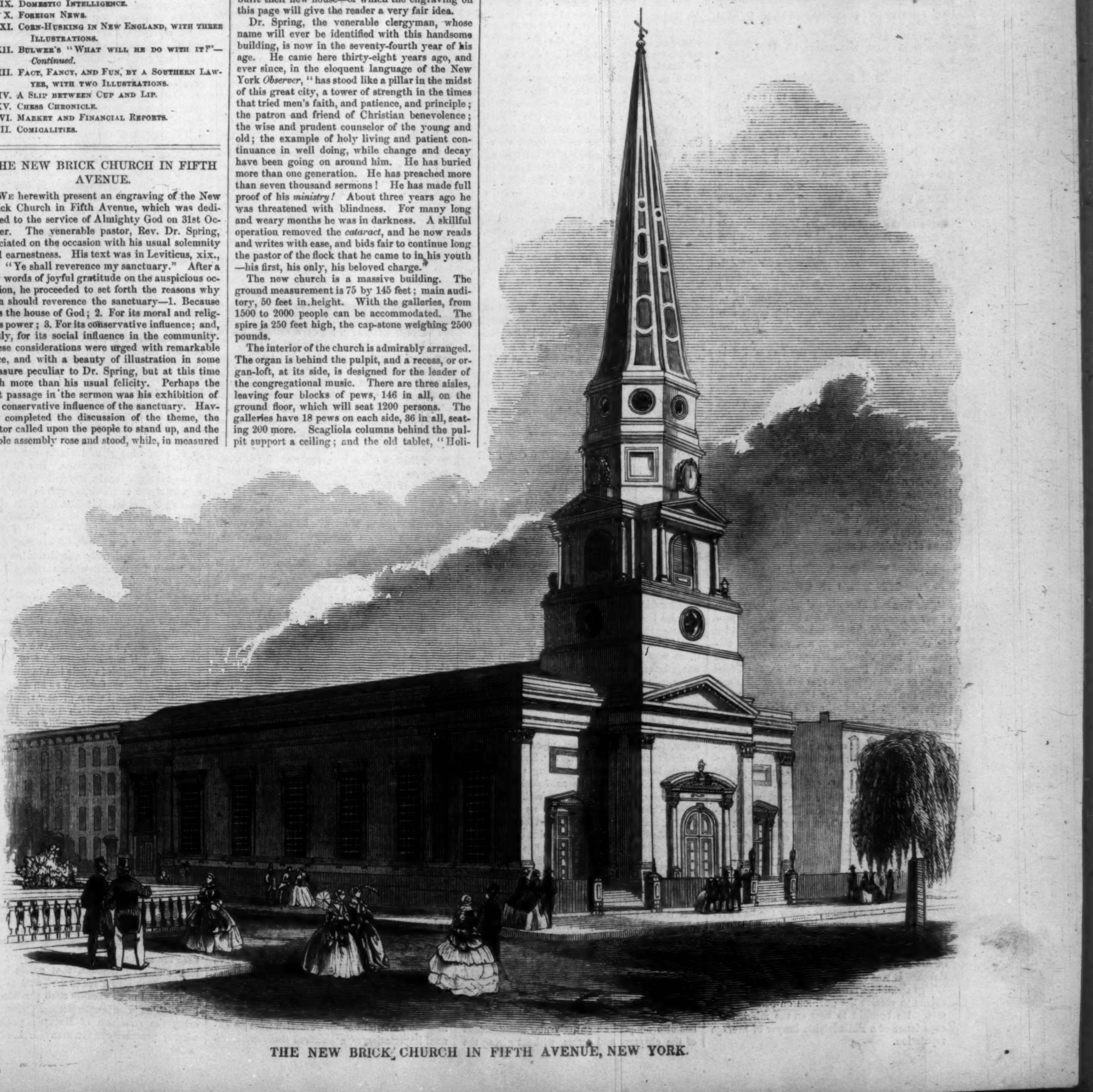
It will be remembered by the subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* that in No. 19 we gave a portrait of Dr. Spring and a view of the "Old Brick Church" in Beekman Street. That venerable building, which had been used as a church for ninety years, was pulled down last year to make way for a row of massive stores; and the congregation and the pastor moved "up town." They selected a site on the corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, on the top of Murray Hill, in the most aristocratic quarter of the city, and there they have built their new house—of which the engraving on this page will give the reader a very fair idea.

Dr. Spring, the venerable clergyman, whose name will ever be identified with this handsome building, is now in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He came here thirty-eight years ago, and ever since, in the eloquent language of the New York *Observer*, "has stood like a pillar in the midst of this great city, a tower of strength in the times that tried men's faith, and patience, and principle; the patron and friend of Christian benevolence; the wise and prudent counselor of the young and old; the example of holy living and patient continuance in well doing, while change and decay have been going on around him. He has buried more than one generation. He has preached more than seven thousand sermons! He has made full proof of his *ministry!* About three years ago he was threatened with blindness. For many long and weary months he was in darkness. A skillful operation removed the *cataract*, and he now reads and writes with ease, and bids fair to continue long the pastor of the flock that he came to in his youth—his first, his only, his beloved charge."

The new church is a massive building. The ground measurement is 75 by 145 feet; main auditory, 50 feet in height. With the galleries, from 1500 to 2000 people can be accommodated. The spire is 250 feet high, the cap-stone weighing 2500 pounds.

The interior of the church is admirably arranged. The organ is behind the pulpit, and a recess, or organ-loft, at its side, is designed for the leader of the congregational music. There are three aisles, leaving four blocks of pews, 146 in all, on the ground floor, which will seat 1200 persons. The galleries have 18 pews on each side, 36 in all, seating 200 more. Scagliola columns behind the pulpit support a ceiling; and the old tablet, "Holiness to the Lord," known to all frequenters of the Old Brick Church, is renovated and placed here. The pulpit is in a semicircular recess, and the general effect of this end of the church is very grand. The vestibules of the church are laid with marble; the gallery stairs are of oak. Rooms for the pastor, the trustees, and church purposes are provided; and there is a fine lecture-room in the rear, on Thirty-seventh Street. The old bell is in the new spire, to call, in its old tones, the children to worship as it has called their fathers. The church is lighted by one large chandelier of 100 burners, with an arrangement for lighting and extinguishing them all at one instant. The spire is to receive a fine clock, and this is the only apparent indication that the erection is not complete.

The Building Committee, of which Paul Spofford, Esq., is chairman, have given the church their time and labor, and to their admirable taste, care, and foresight alone, we believe, is to be ascribed the magnificence and appropriateness combined which make the New Brick Church one of the great architectural ornaments of New York city.



THE NEW BRICK CHURCH IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ODE TO AN OLD HUMBUG.

YOUR sands of life well-nigh run out,
Retired Physician,
Have taken such a time about,
That I have very little doubt
That you are hearty, hale, and stout,
In good condition.

Your grave is not already dug,
Or the presumption
Is, you creep to it like a slug,
And cling to life with tightish hug.
You say that you've found out a drug
To cure consumption.

So soon from earth about to pass,
As you assure us,
The scythe so close upon the glass,
Ready to mow your ripened grass,
Why not divulge it to the mass,
And gratis cure us?

Of doing good then you'll enjoy
The noble pleasure,
And in that bank aloft, old boy,
Which pays in gold without alloy,
Which never panic will destroy,
Invest your treasure.

Oh, you old quack and public bore!
No longer falter,
And fumble at death's latch no more;
Hang yourself up behind the door
By your East Indian Hemp, before
Twined for your halter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

THE ELECTIONS.

SINCE our last Number went to press elections have been held in seven States. In five out of the number the Republican party has been successful. In New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, and New Jersey, the Republicans have carried all before them—here and there with the assistance of the Know-Nothings, but generally, as in the State of New York, without their aid and in defiance of their opposition. In Illinois there were three parties in the field—Douglas Democrats, Administration Democrats, and Republicans. The first of the three appears to have been successful; the last has been beaten. As for the Administration Democrats, they seem to have polled so small a vote that it is likely they will contend they did not run a separate ticket. Finally, in the little State of Delaware, which sends one representative to Congress, the Administration has been successful.

In these days it is usually the fate of Presidents to administer the government with a majority of Congress politically opposed to them during the last two years of their term. Mr. Pierce always said that his task was easier with an opposition majority than with a Congress devoted to his interests. Mr. Buchanan will now enjoy an opportunity of verifying the opinion of his predecessor. In the next Congress the Opposition will have a majority of over forty.

So far as the practical business of the country is concerned, it makes little difference whether the Congressional majority be Democratic or Republican. Both would, under ordinary circumstances, take a like view of leading questions of legislation and government.

MR. REED IN CHINA.

THE London *Times* has obtained what none of our American papers have been able to procure—a copy of the United States treaty with China. On examining it, and with it the evidence of men who have been witnesses of the late diplomatic imbroglio in China, the *Times* comes to the conclusion that Mr. Reed has sacrificed the interests of the United States to his pique against England, and has concluded a treaty which confers upon American citizens far smaller privileges than they might have obtained had their interests been advocated by a minister of greater skill and clearer mind. The article in the *Times* is evidently from the pen of Lord Elgin's attaché, Mr. Oliphant.

Some of our papers have undertaken to deny the statements of the London *Times*, and to defend Mr. Reed. They have an arduous task before them. The facts tell their own story, and that story is conclusive.

Mr. Reed was appointed to the Chinese mission in default of Mr. Walker, who was the man of all others who should have been accredited to Pekin. Mr. Reed was chosen, not from any suspicion of his diplomatic ability (he had never been abroad in any public capacity), but simply because he was an Old-Line Whig, who, during the contest of 1856, had preferred, like most of his brethren, the Buchanan to the Frémont ticket. It was considered only right that those Whigs should be rewarded; and Mr. Reed was chosen to receive the guerdon on behalf of his sect. He brought to bear on the mission the experience of a Philadelphia lawyer of average reputation.

It seems that he no sooner arrived in China than he fell under the influence of Count Putiatin, the Russian envoy. It must be borne in mind by every one that the natural interests of Russia in China are antagonistic to those of the rest of the world. Russia alone of all the nations enjoys regular diplomatic intercourse with Pekin. Russia carries on a large trade with China, which is transacted at Kiakta and other inland entrepôts. Russia has no merchant navy to speak of, needs but few Chinese products, and has little to send to China. In all these respects the position of Russia is antagonistic to that of the United States. The United States have no minister at Pekin; have no inland commercial intercourse with China; and might, under proper regulations, carry on a large commercial intercourse with the Chinese empire in teas, silks, and American manufactures. Yet, notwithstanding this palpable diversity of interests between Mr. Reed and Count Putiatin, it seems that the latter is recognized throughout China as the conscience-keeper of the former.

The treaty concluded by Mr. Reed between the United States and China is less advantageous than the British and French treaties, inasmuch as it does not provide for a resident American embassy at Pekin, does not secure to United States citizens in China the protection of their own officials, and does not open to the United States people any of the rivers or inland ports of China. Our rivals, the English, have secured all these concessions; Mr. Reed, who seems to have been led by the nose by his Russian friend, contended for none of them.

Mr. Reed left this country at a time when the Russian war had aroused a very remarkable anti-British feeling in the hearts of the American people. Russia was the favorite of the moment—not that we liked her more, but that we hated her less. Mr. Reed seems to have taken this popular whim as the guide of his conduct, and to have wholly lost sight of the real interests of the United States in his haste to please Russia and to spite Great Britain. The result is that we, the ostensible friends of China, have made far worse terms with her than the maritime nations of Europe, which enforced their demands with shot and shell.

We never thought much of Mr. Reed as an embassador. A man can no more contend with practical diplomatists, and win diplomatic victories, without apprenticeship, than he can make a boot or a chair without learning the trade. Mr. Reed was a novice, and blundered accordingly. It remains to be seen what will be the fruit of his blunders. If the United States treaty with China is what the London *Times* represents it to be, it should on no account be ratified by the Senate. Mr. Reed may be suffered to escape with some contempt and derision; but no treaty between the United States and China should be ratified unless it secure for the United States such advantages as will enable us to contend on an equal footing with Great Britain for the great Chinese trade—which is destined to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, commercial movement in the world.

SAWYER'S TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE new translation of the New Testament, by L. A. Sawyer, has just made its appearance from the press of Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. The community have been prepared for a work of sterling merit by the recommendations of a number of eminent clergymen of various denominations, published in the newspapers and in a circular from the publishers. We had ourselves looked forward to its issue with considerable interest, not only on this account, but also because the task is one of the highest importance as well as the greatest difficulty. The history of all past efforts, as well as of those now progressing in certain quarters, in our judgment demonstrates the impossibility of superseding the old authorized English version, whatever may be its faults, whether alleged or real. Still we look with decided favor upon any well conceived and judiciously executed attempt to improve that version, or to make another, for critical purposes, more exactly conformed to the original text. Mr. Sawyer's translation, however, notwithstanding the indorsement which numerous learned divines granted in advance, and which is set forth in a rather fulsome prospectus, appears to us to evince a decided incompetency on his part for so delicate and difficult a task, both in point of judgment and scholarship. We think he has erred in selecting Tischendorf's text as the basis of his translation; for great as are its critical merits, it departs so widely from the landmarks of most critics, and introduces so many serious changes, that it will be long before it becomes the acknowledged standard, if indeed it ever attains that rank. Knapp's or Hahn's text would have been much more acceptable to scholars in general, and the Elzevir or Mill's text, with the corrections noted in the margin, would have been better still. As Mr. Sawyer has given no foot-notes, there is no indication of his emendations or variations from the received text. He has also adopted an entirely new arrangement of the chapters and verses, without giving the old one in any way; so that it is impossible to find any given passage in his book. There is no index to remedy this inconvenience. In his zeal for introducing an entirely modern style, he has avoided the distinction carefully observed in the original between the singular and plural of the pronoun of the second person, employing "you" both for *thou* and *ye*. He has every where substituted "change of mind" for *repentance*—a very feeble representative of the sense, according to our judgment. But we have discovered throughout the book other renderings of various words which seem to us to show that he is neither a master of the Greek language nor of a good English style. Such literalisms as "casts forth" for *brings forth*, in Matt. xii., 35; xiii., 52, are the merest school-boy renderings. Similar instances are of constant occurrence. Still worse is his rendering "Do nothing more" for *exact nothing more*, in Luke iii., 13, where he has entirely missed the idiomatic use of the original term. So in multitudes of passages. "Ituria" for *Ituraea* is perhaps a misprint in the same chapter; but the following absolutely ungrammatical sentence, from the preceding chapter, can hardly be charged upon the printer: "And his parents knew it not. But supposing that he was in the company went a day's journey and sought him among their relations and acquaintances." Really, a polishing of "twenty years" ought to have produced greater accuracy and elegance than are discoverable here or in most parts of the book. In many passages, however, the original is well represented in Mr. Sawyer's version; and if it shall be able to survive the prejudice which most readers already entertain in favor of the antique style of the common version, and which such offenses against good taste as we have pointed out are calculated to increase, a revised edition may yet meet with considerable favor. In its present form, its chief value will be as a pioneer to other more successful attempts in the same line, which our day seems destined to produce.

THE DECLINE IN IMMIGRATION.

THE total number of immigrants landed at this port up to November 3 is only 70,525, about one-fourth the number which used to arrive to the same date a few years ago. The cause of the decline is obvious. Since the Encumbered Estates Act went into effect in Ireland the condition of that country has rapidly improved; and the wretched failure of the political attempts of 1848 has diverted men's minds into better and more profitable channels. Germany has lost so much blood that it is now in a healthy state, and the progress of German manufactures affords employment to the entire population. Throughout Europe, for many years, the harvests have been good; a blessing which must be ascribed partly to the bounty of Providence, and partly to the improved agricultural methods lately adopted.

That the United States are a better country for young men to settle in than any of the countries of Europe must be obvious to all who study rightly the economical consequences of an abundance of cheap land and absolute freedom, industrial, commercial, and social. No country of Europe offers such opportunities of well-doing to the hardy emigrant as the United States. If the truth were known, therefore, and no such feeling existed as love of home, it would follow that in course of time Europe would be depopulated, and the United States would be filled with foreign immigrants of every race, type, and nation.

But the checks to the operation of the rule are powerful. Notwithstanding the large emigration to America, a very imperfect notion of the prospects of immigrants here is entertained in Europe. In the rural districts of Continental Europe the United States are still a land of adventure, of uncertainty, of peril. No man will risk himself here if he have any prospects at all at home. Furthermore, the home feeling is powerful in the mind of all the European races. Germans, English, Scotch, French, and Irish regard the United States as an inferior country to their native land. They would rather stay at home and live moderately, than come here and feast plenteously. The feeling may be unphilosophical; but it is natural, and it is general.

It is likely that, for the present, the operation of these two checks will tend still further to diminish our European immigration. We may possibly see it fall to a nominal figure. When bad harvests occur in Europe it will increase; but so long as the soil is fruitful it must fall off. The prospect is gloomy in one point of view. Our annual consumption of European labor has been large and lucrative. Every able-bodied immigrant has been a gain of so many dollars to this country. If immigration ceases, the development of the country will be checked, the rise in the value of land will stop, the production of wheat and the consumption of foreign merchandise will be reduced. These are grave evils. And it is after all a sorry consolation to reflect that a decrease in our foreign immigration is likely to be followed by a decrease of pauperism and crime. Sound economy teaches that the material benefit we derive from an annual importation of a hundred thousand Irishmen more than counterbalances any moral injury they may inflict, and any inconvenience they may cause.

CONFESSIONALS.

A CONTROVERSY is pending in England which deserves attention in this country, for the reason that a portion of our people invariably insist on copying the English in their oddities rather than their virtues.

Many years have elapsed since Tractarianism, otherwise called Puseyism, first made its appearance in Great Britain. The theory of Dr. Pusey and his followers was that, at the time of the Reformation, the Anglican Church, in its anxiety to widen the breach between itself and Rome, had abandoned many practices which might profitably have been preserved; and that the interests of true religion would be subserved by a revival of these practices. The revival which was projected by the Puseyites referred chiefly to matters of form—the costume of priests, the tone in which divine service should be recited, the fashion in which altars should be dressed, the observation of saints' days, the revival of week-day service, etc., etc. Their idea appeared to be that the Church of England might fairly avail itself of the attractiveness of forms to seduce men to enlist under the banner of religion. They sought to render divine worship artistically attractive. They were met by vehement opposition. They were denounced throughout the length and breadth of England by the most influential presses and the most popular men. As a natural consequence, opposition attracted proselytism; the Puseyites, denounced by the people, gained favor among the privileged classes. Puseyism was a success, in a word. Fashionable people draped their altars and their priests; candlesticks illumined the face of the minister as he sang the Liturgy; poor little babies were denied interment save in consecrated ground, and fashionables dated their letters on the "eve of St. Barnabas" or on "Saint Cecilia's Day."

The success of the movement has led to attempts to introduce further innovations. At least one English bishop and clergy throughout Great Britain have resolutely endeavored to establish confessionals. In one instance a poor woman, on the verge of her confinement, was visited by a minister, who put questions to her such as no decent woman could answer without shame. Other clergymen have encouraged voluntary confession from their hearers; and young ladies, with the morbid appetite which so often characterizes the sex, have eagerly embraced the opportunity of whispering their secrets into a male and privileged ear. The consequence has been a storm of which no one can foresee the end.

A portion of the Episcopal Church in this country has always been more English than American. At least one of the leading Episcopal organs in the United States has been always strongly predisposed in favor of the Tractarian cause. Many Episcopal ministers have eagerly embraced every Puseyite innovation as soon as it made its appearance in Great Britain.

It is reasonable to expect that the new theory of confession should obtain equal favor at the hands of our Tractarians. In a little while, if the novelty fights its way in England, we may expect to see confession-boxes in some of our leading Episcopal churches. Ladies of every class—married as well as single—may expect to be summoned to give an account of their inmost thoughts to a priest. They may even expect to be occasionally questioned on subjects on which no modest woman ever allows her mind to dwell.

This is not a sectarian journal, and we have no concern with sectarian quarrels. It is our province to chronicle things as they are—occasionally registering our protest or recording our applause. But, as chroniclers, we will venture to say that if our Episcopalians undertake to follow the English in their last innovation, and to establish the confessional as an American institution, they will run a greater risk than they imagine. The American people, it may be safely asserted, will not readily submit to have their wives and daughters cross-questioned by priests on matters which they do not confess to their closest relations. And the clergy may depend upon it that the confessional will not become an established institution in the United States without storms which can do no good to the cause of sound religion.

WHAT COTTON IS DOING FOR US.

MANY reliable estimates set down the cotton crop of the United States this year at the high figure of 3,500,000 bales. It is coming to market much earlier than usual. The receipts at Southern ports are 250,000 bales (in round numbers) in advance of the receipts of last and other average years to same date. So large have been the arrivals at Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, that specie has been shipped from New York to the South to buy bills on England more cheaply than they can be had here. The price is satisfactory. And, considering the condition of Europe; peace every where; prosperity in Germany, Ireland, Spain,

and other countries which have often lately been in the deepest distress; a large accumulation of money at the financial centres; a fair prospect that new markets for European manufactures will be opened in China, Japan, British Columbia, and elsewhere; there is no reason to expect that the price will decline.

In an article published some months back in this journal, we showed that in the most active commercial year the United States ever knew—1856—the cotton of the South was our chief stand-by and set-off against the enormous consumption of foreign goods in the great cities and throughout the country. But for the copious supply of cotton, and the high price it commanded, the United States would have incurred a debt to the foreign world which it would have taken years to discharge.

It seems now that the cotton crop is going to be the means of setting the trade of the country on its legs again. Our other great staple—breadstuffs—is in an unpromising condition. Excellent harvests have been the rule throughout Europe, and the price of all kinds of breadstuffs rules so low that it is estimated that a loss of at least a million of dollars has been incurred by the parties who sent breadstuffs to New York this fall. At present rates—and they are likely to be unchanged for some months—flour and wheat can not be sent abroad and sold so as to repay the producer in the West.

Our cotton, on the contrary, if the crop fulfills present expectations, will not only nobly reward the planter, but will go a long way toward liquidating the debt we are incurring to Europe for dry goods and foreign manufactures. More than this: the early receipts at the Southern ports, by suggesting shipments of specie from New York, have given trade the first wholesome impetus it has had since the revulsion. The four or five millions of specie we have sent to the South were worse than useless in our bank vaults here. In the South they will be eminently useful. They will generate and feed traffic throughout the Southern country. And coming back to us, as they will, by various channels through the South and West, they will, on their journey, serve usefully to restore credit and foster wholesome commercial enterprise. The revival of trade will hereafter be dated from the early fall receipts of cotton at the South, and the movement in specie which they occasioned.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.—COOPER INSTITUTE.

PETER COOPER'S Institute, as it approaches completion and gets into working order, attracts more and more of the public attention, and great is the wave of visitors which daily rolls through its spacious halls. Thus far the most attractive feature of the establishment is the elegant suit of rooms occupied by the New York School of Design for Women.

This fine line of studios, which extends the entire length of the edifice, is, with its admirable array of casts and other artistic properties, and with its numerous pupils at desk and easel busily plying the graver or the pencil or the brush, a very pleasant sight—more pleasant with the thought that all the fair students are laying up stores of intellectual enjoyment for coming days; and, pleasantest of all, with the knowledge that most of them are preparing themselves for honorable and competent self-maintenance as engravers, as designers for the publishers and the art manufacturers, as teachers of drawing and painting, as workers in various branches of industrial art, or, may be, as artists in higher walks.

The School has, during the six years since its foundation, done so much, with very humble means, toward the realization of its great end—the opening of new and suitable avenues of industry to women—that we may safely expect the happiest results from it in its present prosperous and promising condition.

With these beautiful rooms and the admirable appointments, and with the instructions of Mr. Richards, to whom the lady-managers have recently confided the professional direction of the School, there is certainly nothing in the way of *opportunity* left for the pupils to desire.

To those of our lady readers who love art and would study it wisely, be their object profit or simply pleasure, we commend our School of Design for Women.

THE LOUNGER.

AFTER ELECTION.

A LOUNGER must not be a politician, but even Loungers, clergymen, and women must be aware that there has been an election. And regarding it as spectators, they must be delighted to witness the smooth working of our republican machinery.

We all know, of course, that there is a certain number of illegal votes cast at every election. People who, in daily business, try to force twice two to make three or five, according as they are buying or selling, are not very likely to blaze out in perfect purity upon election day. Neither is a candidate always able to allow a bottle of Champagne or a half eagle to stand between him and an office, and sometimes the scenes at the polls are depressing to any Lounger who may have been musing upon the rights of man and the philosophy of government. For there appears always to be an uncomfortable proportion of drunken, riotous, and dilapidated fellow-citizens at the polls. The decent people vote and quit. Toward sunset, the decent people quit without voting.

But let no Lounger make the city or its purlieus the standard of the matter. In this country the cities do not rule, as they do in all others. It is the sober voice of the rural districts that usually secures the general result. If a philosopher plant himself in the New York Tombs to speculate upon a republican form of government, he will very rapidly arrive at the conclusion that it is a failure. But neither the Tombs, nor the city itself, nor any city, are the nation, the people, the country.

A general election is a process not unlike a great snow storm. As, later in the year, the flakes will fall softly and silently, roofing the houses anew, changing the complexion of the fields, tufting the woods with sparkling blossoms, building huge walls, filling up chasms, and recreating the whole landscape—so fall the little ballots, softly and silently, and under their gentle pressure, old doctrines, forms, policies, parties, sink out of sight, and the political aspect of the country is created afresh.

Under the influence of our democratic institutions popular education is now becoming so universal, and shows its influence so continually in the readjustment of affairs, that any doubt as to our future development seems to be foolish and vain. The great principles which underlie our government, and which were so clearly stated by the men who formed it, can not fail, in the natural progress of an enlightened people periodically making their own government, to be more and more developed.

There was never a period when the lover of his country, and of his whole country, had less reason to doubt the perpetuity of the State laid so wisely by our forefathers. Loungers, clergymen, and women may take no side in politics, may look on merely, and watch the struggle; but they can not fail to admire the justification which our elections constantly give to the great fundamental truth of Democracy, that the people best know their own rights and the policy which will secure their enjoyment.

THE PICCOLOMANIA.

SOMEBODY coins the above word to express the popular enthusiasm for the new prima donna. Mr. Willis thinks that the secret of her success is the wafting of invisible kisses from pouting lips. Others merely confess the fascination without trying to explain it. Youth, freshness, girlishness, archness, and refined manners, all have their part in the charm. She certainly has not a great voice, but then it is fresh and sweet. She certainly is not a fine singer, but then she behaves as if she were; and if you do not get the note from her mouth, you receive its equivalent from her eyes. She is certainly not a grand actress—like Pasta, for instance—but she is arch and uniform, intelligent and charming. Moreover, she is young and a princess. *Que voulez-vous?*

Meanwhile the fact is that the Academy is nightly crowded, and that she enters upon her third week with undiminished enthusiasm.

We are now promised Laborde and Poinsot. The former is not unknown here. She left pleasant memories in Astor Place. "Faultlessly regular" in her singing, like Tennyson's Maud in feature, she is one of the most elegant and elaborate musical artists we have ever had. Poinsot has a fair field, and will have as much favor as she deserves. In fact, it is getting to be understood that the New York opera is taking rank with that of other civilized cities. What city in the world can produce a fairer array than Piccolomini, Gazzaniga, Laborde, Poinsot, Carl Formes, and Florenza? And Johanna Wagner is promised.

On the other side of the sea Grisi is in her decline; Persiani is no more heard; Cruvelli has retired; and Alboni, Mario, and Tamberlik are the brightest names.

Simultaneously with this triumphant avatar of the opera in America the drama declines. Forrest is reported to be on the eve of leaving the stage. Miss Cushman has chosen England for her career and Italy for her home. Burton's Theatre has been for some time closed. A clever company at Wallack's plays light pieces; and Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been shining, a star, for a fortnight at the Broadway. But no new stars are rising, unless we may except the young Mr. Booth and the promise of Miss Vaughan. Mr. Bourcicault and Miss Robertson present a kind of picturesque melodrama with success. But the musical glasses have supplanted Shakespeare.

It is a little strange that, after the great successes of Fanny Ellsler and Madame Augusta a dozen or more years ago, no Cerito or Rosati has tempted fortune upon these shores. But the ballet was always a delicate exotic among us. Possibly it requires the opera to prepare the soil. Say what we will, the American people, as any self-governing and educated people is always likely to be, is more earnest than a society which governments labor to amuse that they may forget to think. Consequently the Lyceum or popular lecture system holds its own as an entertainment more cognate to our general taste.

It is not the least agreeable commentary upon the character and tendency of the people.

CHEAP LITERATURE.

LORD BROUGHAM, who is now eighty years old, and who has fought many a good fight, is still fighting. He no more lays off his armor than Humboldt, who is ten years older. Probably Brougham looks at Humboldt and thinks himself a mere boy.

He has lately delivered two addresses, both of them remarkable. The first was at the inauguration of a statue of Sir Isaac Newton. The last is upon Popular Literature, in which he mentions several interesting facts.

Thirty-five years ago, Lord Brougham issued a pamphlet, now in its twenty-third edition, announcing that a society would be formed to help self-education among the working classes. It was done, and cheap books, maps, and essays, simply written and admirably suited for their purpose, were issued. This was not enough. The field opened before them; and the *Penny Magazine* was commenced. It was published weekly, at one penny, and reached a circulation of *two hundred thousand*. It contained a fine engraving, sometimes costing three hundred dollars, with two or three others, more ordinary, and eight pages of reading.

This enterprise stimulated others of a similar kind. John Cassell, who rose by his industry from poverty to wealth and influence, prepared and published a great variety of useful and entertaining popular periodicals, and inspired others to do likewise. Among these are the *London Journal*, which at one time sold five hundred thousand, and now sells three hundred and fifty thousand; Cassell's *Family Paper*, illustrated, two hundred and eighty-five thousand; the *Family Herald*, two hundred thousand; *Popular History of England*, one hundred thousand. Lord Brougham estimates that the *Penny Magazine* had a million weekly readers, and some of the periodicals that followed twice as many.

He disposes of the sneer that the information conveyed is very superficial, and that a little learning is a dangerous thing, thus: "Here is a well of precious water, and we have got a little of it in a tankard. What signifies, say the objectors, such a paltry supply? It would not wet the lips of half a dozen of the hundreds who are athirst. True, but it enables us to wet the sucker of the pump, instead of following their advice to leave it dry; and having the handle, we use it to empty the well and satisfy all. A person gains some information, it may be only a little. Say the objectors, he is superficial. Would he be more profound if he knew nothing? The twilight is unsafe for his steps. Would he be more secure from slipping in the dark? . . . . Suppose, as must happen in many cases, that no great progress shall be afterward made, at least it is certain that the proportion is most inconsiderable of those who are not the better for what they have learned; and of those who are the worse for it, the number can not really be said to have any existence at all."

He shows that it is foolish to call the writings of such men as Professor de Morgan in mathematics, Sir David Brewster in natural history, and Lindley in botany, "sixpenny science."

The whole address is full of the stinging good sense which always marks whatever Brougham says. And how much he has done, even if Baron Brougham and Vaux has not fulfilled all that Henry Brougham promised! Upon the whole, he has been on the right side—the side, that is, of wise progress. Science, the law, politics, and literature have been equally his field, and from each he has borne away laurels. When his voice is hushed, as in the course of nature it must soon be, let us remember what he did, and not regret what he might have done.

A CORRECTION.

IN speaking last week of new lecturers the Lounger carelessly placed Mr. Hicks and Mr. O'Gorman in the same course, that of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library. But it is in the course of the *New Chapel* in Brooklyn that Mr. Hicks delivers his discourse upon *The History and Mission of Art*. Yet we were correct so far that we gave to Brooklyn enterprise the credit of presenting two new names of admirable promise.

In Boston we observe among new names in the lecture-room those of John W. Forney, George D. Prentice, and Francis P. Blair, and in Albany Washington Hunt. In this city Bayard Taylor has opened the Mercantile Library course with a crowd and éclat; and Henry Giles and Edwin P. Whipple, both among the favorite lecturers, will follow.

A HARD WINTER.

WE are to have a hard winter. Ladies who have nothing to wear might wisely begin to discover how they can give part of it to the destitute, for out of the willingness to give some kind of help is quite sure to come. Gentlemen who are in a similar condition of nothing to do, may reasonably reflect how they can assist poorer gentlemen in the same straits.

Buckle says the moral sense never improves; that it is always about the same, and always has been. Roman Catholic historians and essayists assert that pauperism came in with the Reformation; that before Luther there were no proper beggars. It would not be easy, perhaps, to maintain both these doctrines fully. And yet Buckle might fairly ask, are the well-to-do people of New York to-day more accessible to the cry of starving brethren than the comfortable citizen of Athens or Rome would have been? If he did so ask, Buckle might answer upon the authority of Isocrates, that nobody was so poor in Athens as to be compelled to beg, until the latter days.

It can not be denied that it is still a curious inquiry in a Christian community, who that has been smitten on one cheek first turns the other? Or who sells all that he has and gives to the poor, in order that he may inherit treasures inaccessible to moth and rust?

Metaphorical?

Highly so.

The question now is, not so much about a Christian community, as what can we do to help the poor this winter.

To this question a writer in the *Evening Post* returns a striking suggestion, which we are glad to repeat for the consideration of the many thoughtful and benevolent Roman Catholics in the city. About two thirds, or three quarters, of the suffering poor in New York are Roman Catholics. They are relieved by Protestant societies and private charities. That is all right so far. But if, as the writer states, the Roman Catholic churches do nothing for these poor people, and if the Archbishop has been able, by asking his parishioners, to get a hundred thousand dollars for building a cathedral, ought not the Archbishop to ask, and would not those parishioners desire to be asked, that they should also contribute something, in common with their Protestant brethren, for the relief of those poor?

It is not to be put upon sectarian but upon common Christian and humane grounds, and it may easily be made a matter of policy. For if a skillful enemy of the Roman Church should say to his workmen of that communion, "Here, you have no money, and I have no work for you; but your ministers insist upon your giving them money to build churches with, and refuse to give you money to buy bread with," would he not wield a strong argument with the people whom he addressed?

It is a practical, not a sectarian question. It is not absolutely essential that great cathedrals should be built, except by people who can afford to build them. It is a noble and beautiful work to rear a stately church for the worship of God. But among starving people God is worshiped by charitably feeding them.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES BY CHARLES LAMB.

SOME months since Mr. Thomas Allsop, whose name is not entirely unknown to the readers of Charles Lamb's letters, and who wrote "Recollections of Coleridge," was reported as compromised by the attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon for which Orsini suffered. He came to this country, and brought with him various unpublished manuscripts of Lamb and Coleridge—chiefly of the former—which have passed into the hands of the Harpers. In the next number of *Harper's Magazine* will appear a story of Charles Lamb's, hitherto unpublished; and in a subsequent number a selection from the notes—all marked by his characteristic quaintness. It is not often that any thing by so universally beloved an author remains so long unknown to the public.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"PHILADELPHIA, *October*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I am a Yankee; that is, I have been brought up one, although born in the sunny South, and having spent eighteen years of my life in the Nutmeg State, I came to 'ye goodlye citye of Penne;' and from the time I came here to the present I have been assailed and sneered at, and heard so much of the outlandish expressions of the Yankees, from those who know nothing of the Yankees, nor of correct expression, that I am tired of it, and I am indignant, and I am anxious to hear some one's opinion, and know of none I would prefer to yours.

"I have yet to hear in New England such expressions and perversions as these:

"'*I haven't saw him.*'

"'*I seen her.*'

"'*I did not get to go.*'

"And what language is it that authorizes a man to speak of *welwet*, and *wiolin*, and *vhiskers*, if not that of Sam Weller? But, dear Lounger, please cool me off, and do not let the Yankees be slandered, and believe me a

"TRUE BLUE."

—TRUE BLUE may wisely confide in the Yankees to take care of themselves. They have generally known how to do it. The usual slang put into their mouths is as unlike their provincial speech as possible. Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, and the theatre, are responsible for the extravaganzas of character and conversation that pass current as genuine Yankee. The purest and truest Yankee is to be found in Lowell's *Biglow Papers;* and the little poem of his published, with Hoppin's illustrations, in the *Weekly*, two or three weeks since, is an exquisite and faithful specimen of that peculiar lingo. That poem also conveys the sincere and beautiful feeling which belongs to the Yankees as a race, hidden under that grotesque and quaint form. The use of W for V is mongrel Dutch, not utterly unknown in the State of the Knickerbockers.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Will you be so good as to inform your readers in what history is to be found an account of 'the Maiden Queen' having lost Calais? See *Harper's Weekly* of October 2, p. 637.

"Yours ever, NEWARK, N. J."

—NEWARK, N. J., must look sharply at his history—any authentic history—and he will find that after the famous treaty of Chateau Cambresis, of April 2, 1559, which terminated the wars of France in Italy, and gave Spain nearly seventy years' predominance in the Peninsula, Calais was delivered up to France. It was the first year of Elizabeth.

"NEW YORK, *October*.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—The other day, in looking over a late Number of "Harper's Magazine," I came across an interesting article on "Epigrams;" but I was unable to discover in the collection one which has always seemed to me as remarkably fine.

"When West had finished his great painting of "Adam and Eve," he called in his friend Butler to see it, Butler looked at it a few moments, and then, with his eyes still fixed on the painting, said:

"'Adam and Eve, their lot was hard:
Hard by every one confessed—
Turned out of Paradise by God,
And murdered afterward by West.'

"One word more and I have done." What is '*Majesty*' stripped of its externals?

"Majesty—*a jest!*

"Yours, VERDURE."

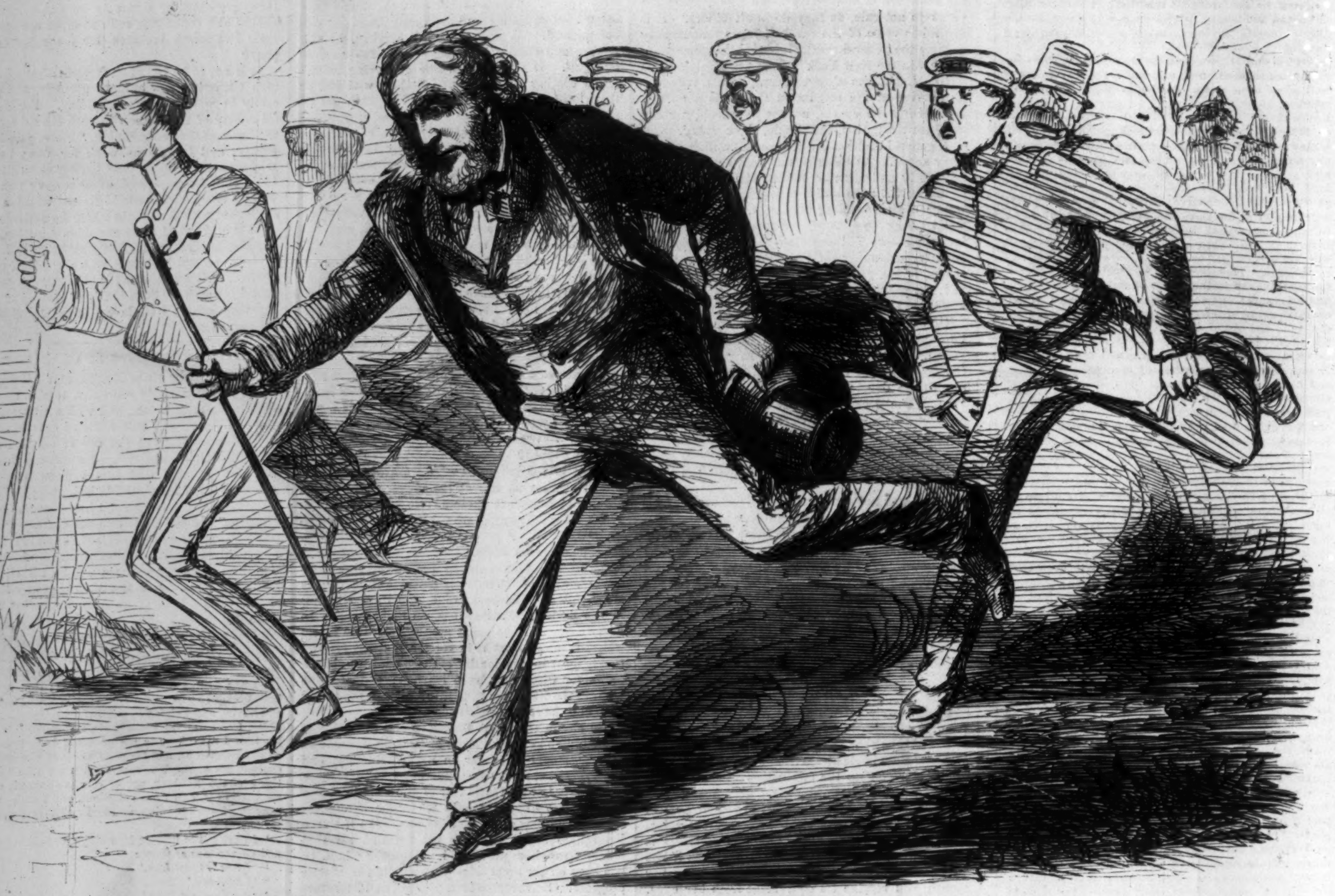
—SAM SIGHTSEER sends an account of a political meeting in the country. It is not very striking, and is very long. Singularly enough, the writing is feminine. The moral is that the wit of political speeches is not very funny, and their spirit too often irreverent.

"BOSTON, *November*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—Will you please inform one of your admirers what author wrote all his works with one pen? It is well known that Eliot wrote his Indian Bible with one pen; and Dr. Warner wrote his 'Ecclesiastical History' and 'Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer' with but one gray-goose quill; but whose 'mighty pen' sufficed to write all that he ever published? Answer me that, if you please. Yours respectfully,

"H. P. A."

—The Lounger can not answer.



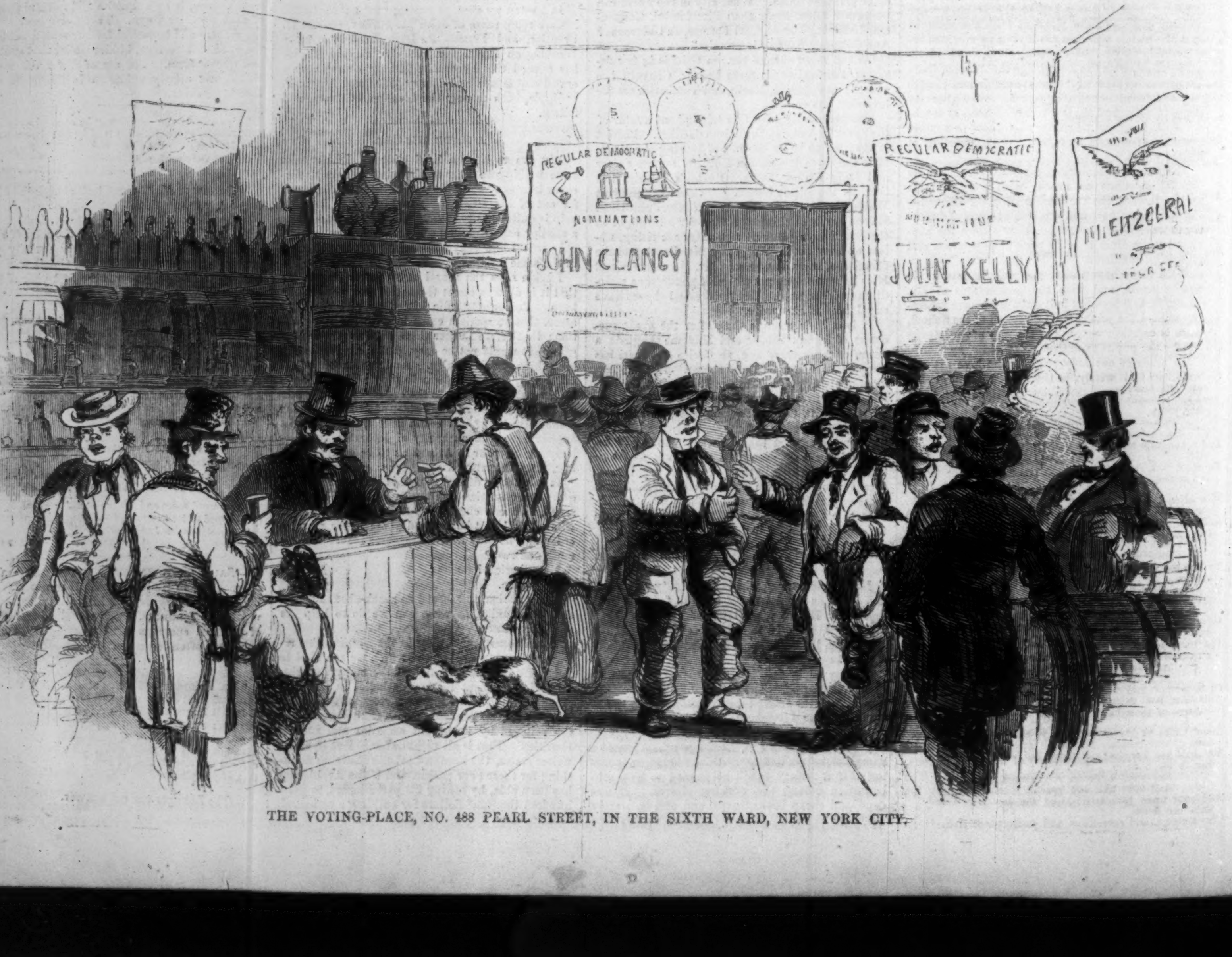
MAYOR TIEMANN'S RACE TO THE VOTING-PLACE AS THE ESCORT OF UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

THE LATE ELECTION.

WE illustrate herewith two scenes of the late election in this city. The lower engraving is an accurate representation of the polling-place, No. 488 Pearl Street, taken during the hours for voting. As the bottles and casks show, it is a drinking saloon or tavern. On one side of the room were ranged rows of liquor casks; on the other side stood rows of bottles and kegs, and the counter, over which an active young man presided. The walls were adorned with old targets, and placards in favor of the Irish candidates among the Democracy. The ballot-boxes stood in an inner room, the door only of which is shown in our engraving. Through the outer room a stream of turbulent, and frequently drunken, men were passing and repassing all day. Several scrimmages took place in the vicinity, and in a row which occurred between the voters at this place and the Five Pointers pistols and guns were freely used, and at least one man was shot. We leave the reader to apply the moral.

The other engraving represents a droll scene which took place in the First Ward, in which Sickles and Walbridge were rival candidates. Some soldiers from Governor's Island were coming over to vote; the opposite party garrisoned the landings and refused to allow them to set foot on shore. Four of the soldiers, however, landed in Brooklyn, and took the Hamilton Avenue Ferry to the city. When they arrived the crowd surrounded them, and positively declared that they should not vote. We must let the *Herald* reporter tell the remainder of the story, which he does in very graphic style:

"As the mob had evidently made up their minds that not even this small complement of the force from Governor's Island should reach the polls, they pressed around them as soon as they left the ferry-boat, and commenced jostling and shouldering them about. The Mayor now appeared with his squad, and told the soldiers that they must run for it if they expected to reach the voting-place in time. His own squad were ordered to protect them in their race across the Battery to No. 32 Greenwich Street, where they expected to deposit their ballots. It was about twenty minutes to five when they commenced the race, and as there remained but exactly eighteen minutes before the polls closed no time was to be lost. Away they went, as fast as their legs could carry them.



THE VOTING-PLACE, NO. 488 PEARL STREET, IN THE SIXTH WARD, NEW YORK CITY.

in a straight line for No. 32, guarded by two of the Mayor's squad and four or five others, among whom was the Mayor himself, with three hundred of the opposing crowd hanging close on their rear. The affair, in some of its aspects, is said to have been the most amusing that ever took place on an election day; and if the Mayor runs as well when he is again a candidate as he did on this occasion, he will distance all competitors. Whatever doubts there may be in regard to his qualities as a Mayor, those who saw his performances on the Battery yesterday must admit that he is a perfect 'hoss' when there's any running to be done. Away they went, as we have said, as fast as their legs could carry them, and close behind them three hundred pursuers, yelling and hooting at the top of their voices. About forty of the police were behind in the race, and brought up the rear. A cloud of dust marked the course of the dreadful rout as it swept over the Battery; the quiet pedestrians gazed with astonished eyes on the race, wondering what it all could mean. There were the four soldiers in their uniform leading off in the race, and there was the Mayor, and Sergeants Croft and Seaman close alongside; then came the crowd of three hundred, yelling as only a crowd can yell; and last of all came the main body of the police force. The soldiers, like the Mayor, turned out to be 'fast,' and kept their distance well from the start. In fact, they were rapidly leaving their pursuers behind, and had already passed out of the Battery gate facing Greenwich Street, with a fair prospect of reaching the polls, when, to the dismay of both soldiers and Mayor, and the undisguised delight of the crowd, a formidable-looking array of about one hundred and fifty of the denizens of the First Ward was observed precisely in the very place where they should not have been at such a time—right in the way of the soldiers, and completely blocking up the road to No. 32. Here was a terrible state of affairs; and what made matters worse, it was fast approaching the moment when the polls were to close. Not more than fifteen minutes were left—time was precious, and a desperate and final effort must be made to get in the four votes. But how were they to accomplish this?—that was the rub. The soldiers, and the Mayor, and the two sergeants, and the three or four friends of the soldiers, attempted to force their way through; but just as they were in the act of doing so the chief magistrate himself was collared by a powerful fellow, about six feet high, and made in proportion, who was about to dispose of the municipal executive in a rather summary manner when the offender was himself collared by Sergeant Croft, and finally lodged in the Second Ward station-house. He was subsequently released, however, as the Mayor found, on investigation, that he was endeavoring to clear a path for the soldiers, and imagined that his Honor was one of the opposing crowd. But here they all were within a stone's-throw of the polls, the long-sought-for No. 32, and now but ten minutes of the fifteen were left. The police force, who brought up the rear, now made their appearance, and commenced a series of pushes and shoves, intermingled with an occasional application of their clubs; but the mass was not to be driven from their purpose in this way. The police might shove, and the soldiers might shove, and so might the Mayor; but after all, the crowd did the greatest part of the shoving; and when the long-wished-for two minutes to five came, and the door of the polling-place was closed, such a yell of delight and triumph was never before heard in the First or any other ward. One soldier succeeded in getting within a few feet of the door, but he was immediately pounced upon by half a dozen men and carried off bodily a considerable distance down the street, and quietly deposited upon the sidewalk. Thus terminated the grand race for the polls; and although the Mayor was defeated in the end, it is to be hoped he will be successful the next time."

THE PRIMROSE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[The common field primrose, that grows in such beautiful luxuriance in the meadows and green lanes of the British Isles, is unknown in Australia. Two or three years ago it was reported in a newspaper of Melbourne, Australia, that an English primrose had been imported in a wardian-case, and would be brought on shore from a ship in the harbor, to be exhibited in the city. The announcement excited a great sensation. Upward of three thousand people turned out into the streets to see the gentle stranger brought ashore, and the pressure of the crowd was so great that it was found necessary to call out the police to preserve order, and to make a line, through which the primrose might be escorted on shore, to be seen by all her admirers.]

SHE comes!—make way, ye people!—stand reverently aside;
She comes!—the gentle traveler, in purity and pride;
Shower welcomes fair upon her,
To show befitting honor;
And give her love and homage from hearts and kindling eyes;
And believe her, and receive her, with a thousand sympathies.

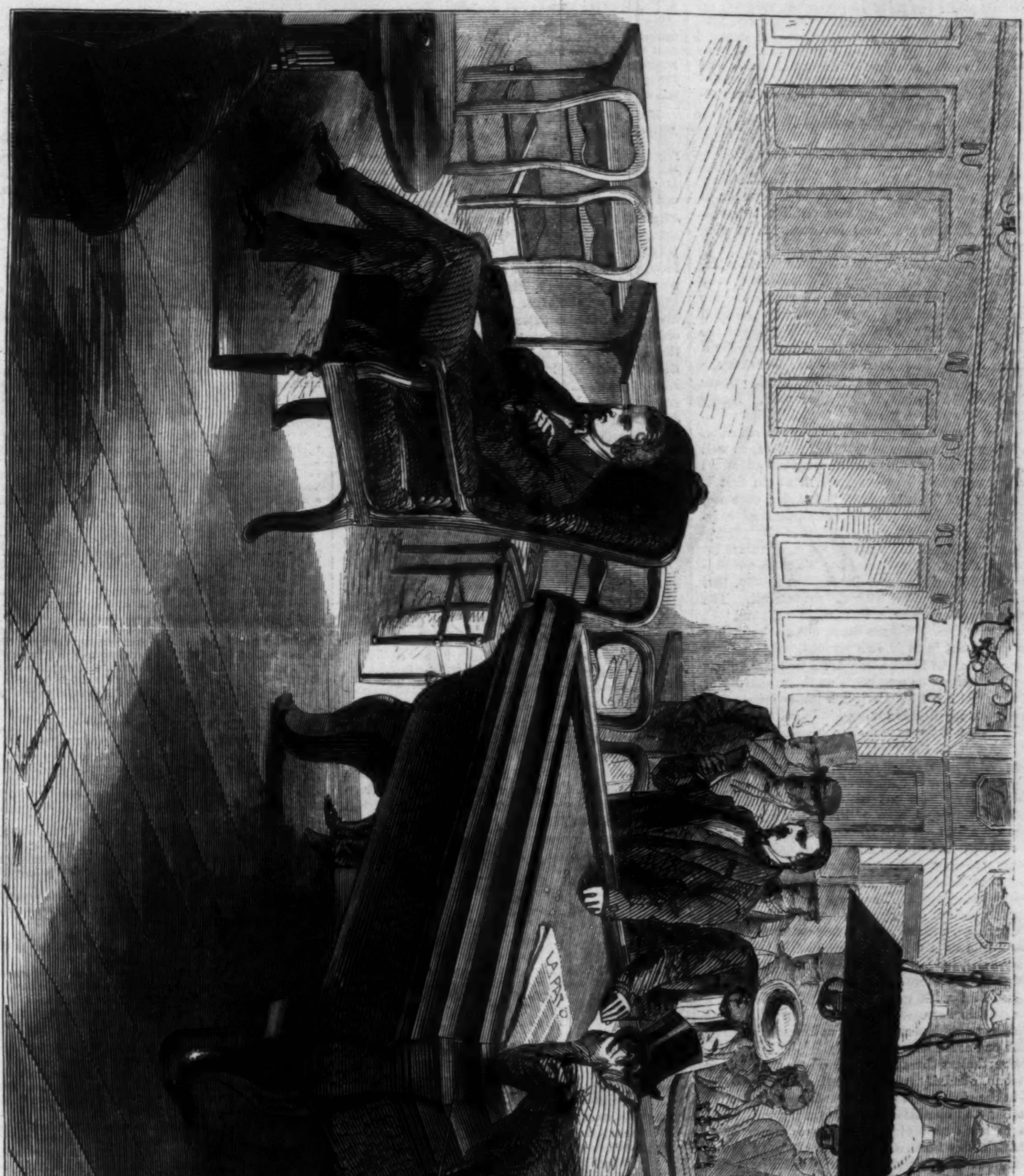
She has crossed the stormy ocean, a pilgrim to our shore,
As fresh as Youth and Beauty, and dear as days of yore;
Stand back! for she is tender,
And delicate, and slender;
And a rude, too boisterous greeting, well-meant although it be,
Might endanger our sweet stranger, from the land beyond the sea.

Oh! the love that she awakens, and the smiles, twin-born with tears,
That her pleasant face upsummons from the depths of other years,
When we were blithe and youthful,
And fresh of heart and truthful,
And roamed by rimpling rivers, and woodland pastures wild,
To meet her, and to greet her, in the valleys where she smiled.

How often, in life's morning, when none but she was nigh,
And the blithe free lark above us, sprinkling music from the sky,
Beside the stile we've waited,
Until evening hours belated,
To breathe the youthful passion, that was bold as well as coy,
To some maiden, love-beladen, full of innocence and joy!

How often, in life's noontime, when our boys and girls were young,
We have taken them to meadows, where the early blossoms sprung,
In that well-belovèd far land;
And wove them many a garland
Of buttercups and daisies, and primroses blushing fair,
And entwined them, and enshrined them, 'mid the clusters of their hair!

Stand back, ye joyous people! ye shall see her every one;
Ye shall see her, but not touch her—where we place her in the sun;
She shall smile on you serenely,
And fairy-like and queenly;
And pour upon your spirits, like the dew from Heaven's own dome,
The feelings, and revealings, and memories of Home!



PAUL MORPHY PLAYING EIGHT GAMES OF CHESS WITHOUT SEEING THE BOARDS, AT THE CAFÉ DE LA RÉGENCE, PARIS.

PAUL MORPHY IN PARIS.

THE accompanying engraving represents our famous chess champion, Paul Morphy, in the act of playing eight games of chess without seeing the boards, at the Café de la Régence, at Paris. We gave the games in our last Number. The following description of the scene, written by a by-stander, was given in our paper at the time of its occurrence:

"The portion of the Café de la Régence more particularly appropriated to the use of chess amateurs was open as usual to the public, and in it sat the eight gentlemen who consented to be Mr. Morphy's antagonists. The other part of the Café further on, and in which two billiard tables are placed, was appointed to the use of the blindfold player, who sat at the end, with his back to the public.

"A certain line was marked out, beyond which only two gentlemen could pass, M. Journoud and M. Arnous de Riviere, who had undertaken to announce the moves on both sides. The latter gentleman officiated for the four first players, MM. Baucher, Bierwith, Bornemann, and Guibert; and the former for the last four, MM. Lequesne, Potier, Preti, and Seguin. At half past 12, the combatants having taken their places, in the presence of about 250 lovers of the noble game, the play commenced by Mr. Morphy taking the move, and signifying that in every one of the eight cases he played K P 2. Some of his opponents replied by the similar move, while others played differently, so as to lead to what is called irregular openings.

"The play went on without interruption for not less than ten hours, during which time Mr. Morphy never took the slightest refreshment. The definitive result was that the

blindfold player won six of the games, and drew two, his opponents being vanquished in the following order: MM. Petri (after seven hours and a half), Potier, Baucher, Bornemann, Bierwith, and Seguin (at half past 10). The two players who succeeded in drawing their games were MM. Luquesne and Guibert. At the end of this wonderful exhibition Mr. Morphy did not appear much fatigued."

LITERARY.

THE long waited volumes at length make their appearance, and the expectation of the public is satisfied. Harper & Brothers publish two volumes of CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It has been for a long time doubted whether Mr. Carlyle would do the work at all. Rumors that he had failed to find material and had abandoned the intended book prevailed. But henceforth no such rumor will be believed of him. Where he got the material is not to be guessed at. The labor of collecting it must have been immense; but that the evidence of it is before us this labor would appear incredible. Prussia has been ransacked. Every garret, if they have garrets, has yielded its treasures, not alone of the personal history of Frederick, but of public history and private anecdote, as well of his own time as of his predecessors and ancestors for generations. The book, which at the first is appalling and frightens away the reader, becomes, when once opened and commenced, attractive, irresistible, and we at once admit that Carlyle has here accomplished his greatest work, We are interested, delighted, entranced We read, not rapidly, skimmingly, as some books, but slowly, line by line, page by page, with devout interest. The life opens up before us. The people walk and talk in our presence. We see them, not as the author sees them, but in their own persons, only quaintly dressed up as he must needs dress them. And as they walk along he comments on them, sharply or lovingly, with all his Carlylish impertinence and severity or inimitable loving-kindness.

We can not be expected to give more than a brief sketch of the book in the columns of the *Weekly*. This much, however, we may do to direct the attention of readers of all classes toward it.

Mr. Carlyle sets out with one of his deeply-shaded pictures—a view of Frederick at our distance from him—or Friedrich, as he calls him pertinaciously—and in this swiftly but boldly-drawn picture one may, perhaps, find reasons for the long delay that Mr. Carlyle has made in producing the promised biography. The proportions of the great Prussian shrank on examination, and the author, who, perhaps, with his accustomed enthusiasm, had ranked him as a God, is at length fain to confess that "Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods, and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last a questionable hero, with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished."

Nevertheless the author proceeds to show "how this man, officially a king withal, comported himself in the eighteenth century, and managed *not* to be a liar and charlatan, as his century was," and this in his own style, as we have before said. Friedrich was born January 24, 1712, "a small infant, but of great promise or possibility;" but before going on with his life, Mr. Carlyle pauses a little to tell us of his father and his grandfather, Friedrich I. of Prussia, who was still alive, only at this point adding that the infant survived the cannonading that followed his birth, and was named Karl Friedrich, of which he afterward dropped the Karl, and wrote the other *Frédéric*.

Frederick William, son of Frederick First, and father of Frederick the Great, with his several marriages, and his innovations on old customs in Prussia, appears first in the rank of the ancestors, and then Sophie Dorothée, his mother, and afterward his grandmother, wife of the first of the Fredericks, is introduced on her death-bed, dying quietly and calmly out of the old world. In all the first volume Mr. Carlyle has a way of working backward, which is not unpleasant, but rather attractive to the reader. As he writes he is reminded of something, which he falls back upon, and then of something else and something else, in all which he but follows the inclination of the reader, whose curiosity has already suggested the very questions the author proceeds to answer. Thus, after the death-bed scene, we have life, and pleasant life, sketches of this same Sophie Charlotte, and her literary tastes and ways; and we are in this way led back into the history of all the ancestors and predecessors of the great Fritz.

A grand story this of the old Teutonic lines, the romance of chivalric ages now standing out on every page. Here, for instance, is a dash at old Friedrich Barbarossa, which sounds like one of his own trumpet blasts:

"On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then: one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig River), is understood to have been one of his Houses; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's *Limpid*, from its clear spring water), in the Pfalz (what we call *Palatinate*), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year, thinking to himself, 'Let us end with one clear act of piety:' he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero. 'Woe is me, my son has perished, then?' said he once, tears wetting the beard, now white enough: 'My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!' and gained great victories, and even found his son, but never returned home—died some unknown sudden death, 'in the River Cydnus,' say the most. Nay, German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder, says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand, rocky look of the place. A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow, winking—only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment, asked him something about the time it was, then drooped his eyelids again: Not yet time, but will be soon! He is winking as if to awake—to awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with, Ho, every one that is suffering wrong, or that has strayed guideless, devilward, and done wrong, which is far fataler!"

Mr. Carlyle rambles with infinite freedom and delight among the old stories of Teutonic chivalry. The house of Brandenburg and the Hohenzollerns he builds up as a child builds up a card-board house, easily, jauntily, pleasantly, and one is lost in wonderment to know where the cards came from. And when the whole is complete he returns to Friedrich the Great and the last great prince of the line, his education conducted by his father, who kept him on short allowance of sleep and food, and was especially anxious to keep him clean, and all the other little and grand events in his young life. Greatest and funniest of all royal orders is that of which the last sentence preceding the kingly sign-manual of Frederick William is this: "You will also look that he learn to put on and off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and *not so dirty!*" Think of that. Frederick the Great was this boy whose father said he must not be so dirty. And so, with the youth of the boy and his mother's anxiety for a marriage with England, a double marriage of the prince and his sister Wilhelmina with the Hanoverian line, the first volume is ended. Of course the reader hereof will not imagine that we have even given an outline of it. We have but passed over it. Every page is crowded with matter of the utmost interest, and the reader who opens any where in the volume will be irresistibly drawn along from page to page by the rich and splendid lustre which Mr. Carlyle has given to the story of the German principalities. We leave the second volume for a future notice.

THE HOUSEHOLD WAVERLEY of Ticknor & Fields is fast approaching completion in its unimpeachable style of beauty. We can not too highly praise its convenience and elegant.

We remember with keen pleasure the enjoyment we experienced in reading "The Adventures of Captain Priest;" and we welcome, therefore, with a certainty that we shall enjoy it, a new book from the same pen. PINEY WOODS TAVERN, published by Peterson, is a Texas story of life, and apparently of fun, which we reserve for a winter evening, when a hearty laugh will help to keep one warm.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS—NEW YORK.

SINCE our last Number went to press elections have taken place in seven States. In New York there were three parties in the field—the Republicans, Democrats, and Native Americans. The Republicans have carried the State by about 17,000 majority. The State officers elect are:

Office.	*Name.*	*Politics.*	*Residence.*
Governor	Edwin D. Morgan	Rep.	N. York.
Lieutenant-Governor	Robert Campbell	Rep.	Steuben.
Canal Commissioner	Hiram Gardner	Rep.	Niagara.
State Prison Inspector	Josiah K. Everest	Rep.	Clinton.

The Congressional delegation will stand as follows:

Republicans	26
Anti-Lecompton Democrats	2
Administration Democrats	6

This is a loss of six votes to the Administration. The State Senate will stand as follows:

Republicans	16
Democrats	13
Americans	2
Vacancy	1

MASSACHUSETTS.

In this State the Republicans have been successful. The State officers elect are:

Governor	Nathaniel P. Banks	Republican.
Lieutenant-Governor	Eliphalet Trask	Republican.
Secretary of State	Oliver Warner	Republican.
Treasurer	Moses Tenney, Jun.	Republican.
Auditor	Charles White	Republican.
Attorney General	Stephen H. Phillips	Republican.

The entire Congressional delegation is Republican.

NEW JERSEY.

The returns in this State foot up a total loss to the Democrats. The following shows the names and political complexion of the Congressional delegation:

Dist. *Present Congress.*	*Next Congress.*
1—Isaiah D. Clawson, Rep.	John A. Nixon, Rep.
2—George R. Robins, Rep.	John L. N. Stratton, Rep.
3—Garnett B. Adrain, Dem.	Garnett B. Adrain, A. L. D.
4—John Huyler. Dem.	J. R. Riggs, A. L. D.
5—J. R. Wortendyke, Dem.	Wm. Pennington, Rep.

All the above are elected by very heavy majorities. In the Legislature the parties will stand as follows: Senate—Opposition, 8; Democrats, 13. House—Opposition, 35; Democrats, 25. This gives the Opposition a majority of five. The Opposition elected to the House are about equally divided between the Americans and Republicans.

MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN.

The Republicans have about held their ground in Michigan. The following are the State officers chosen:

Governor	Moses Wisner	Republican.
Lieutenant-Governor	E. B. Fairfield	Republican.
Secretary of State	Nelson G. Isbell	Republican.
Super. of Pub. Instit'n	John M. Gregory	Republican.
Treasurer	John M'Kinney	Republican.
Com. State Land Office	James W. Sanborn	Republican.
Auditor General	Daniel L. Case	Republican.
Attorney General	Jacob M. Howard	Republican.
Board of Education	Witter J. Baxter	Republican.

In Wisconsin, latest returns state that the Republicans have held their own.

THE ILLINOIS ELECTION.

Nothing is yet definitely decided with regard to Illinois. The contest between the Democrats and the Republicans has been a very close one. The prospect appears, at present, to be that the Democratic State ticket has a small majority, and that Senator Douglas will obtain a re-election as Senator.

THE GOULDY FAMILY.

The Gouldy family yet survive the effects of their injuries. The condition of the father, son, and domestic is critical, yet they have lived a week longer than the most sanguine physicians could expect. Mrs. Gouldy is, we are happy to say, rapidly recovering, as also her son Charles.

THE FRAZER RIVER MINES.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* has lately visited the Frazer River gold mines. His report is very long and elaborate. We extract the following particulars:

"At 'Mosquito Bar,' the first passed above Fort Hope, I found about forty men at work, averaging from a dollar and a half to two dollars per day. The strata of pay dirt was from one to four inches only in thickness.

"'Fifty-four Forty Bar,' just above, seems to have been completely worked out above high-water mark, and abandoned for the present.

"At 'Union Bar' there were a hundred and fifty men at work, making from fifty cents to a dollar and a half per day to the man, although a few of the claims were paying as high as three dollars. The strata of pay dirt five to six inches thick. The general testimony of the miners here and at nearly every other point on the river is, that thus far their claims pay better as the water recedes, the gold becoming coarser and more abundant. I should have before remarked that the metal found in these banks is in the shape of exceedingly fine dust, very difficult to save even by amalgamation with quicksilver.

"'Canada Bar.' The fifteen or twenty miners here are doing a little better, and making perhaps three dollars per day each. The laborers all look sad and discouraged, *hoping* that they will do better when the river falls, and declaring that if this hope fails them they must suffer severely next winter.

"SANTA CLARA BAR" TO "TEXAS."

"'Santa Clara Bar' furnishes present employment to fifteen or eighteen men, who are making from two to four dollars per day. Upon 'American Bar' there are over a hundred men at work, making from three to twelve dollars per day, and some few as high as sixteen dollars per man, with improving prospects as the river falls.

"On 'Puget's Sound Bar' less than twenty men were making fair wages. The forty-odd men at 'Victoria Bar' were averaging five dollars per day; and at 'Alpha Bar' the average of thirty men was estimated at about a dollar per day.

"On 'Strawberry Island'—a large island in the river, midway between its two banks—there are over a hundred miners, more than half of whom were idle, waiting for the fall of the river, so that they could get at their claims. Those who were at work were making from fifty cents to a dollar per day. They do not doubt, however, that they shall do well when the river falls, as they have obtained fair 'prospects' by wading out in the stream.

"'Texas Bar' was one of the first on which rich diggings were struck, and it is still paying the claimants handsomely. The original company of ten claimants have mostly sold out to advantage, and left with from two to three thousand dollars each in their pockets. Their successors are working a 'sluice,' bringing the water from a creek nearly a mile distant. They employ sixteen laborers at five dollars per day. The profits of each proprietor in this sluice company amounts to from forty to fifty dollars per day. Eighty or ninety others are at work on the same bar with 'rockers,' making from eight to sixteen dollars per day each. On a bar just above them the few long-visaged miners at work say they 'are not making grub.'

"EMORY'S BAR" TO "FORT YALE."

"At Emory's Bar there are some two hundred men at work who are making from fifty cents to five dollars per day: when the river was down they made from five to ten dollars per man. At Trinity Bar there were about thirty men at work, hardly making expenses. The few miners at present on Benicia Bar were idle, waiting the fall of the water.

"'Hill's Bar' is about the best on the river, and furnishes employment to some three hundred men, who have built up quite a town on the bluff. The miners are averaging from one to two ounces per day to the man. Here also the testimony is that the bar pays better as it approaches the river bed. The metal is a fine float gold, and has been dug here, in some instances, from a strata of earth lying ten feet under a bank of red sand. Three sluices have been erected here to work over the tailings, which are found to pay well; but thus far the supply of water is too limited for constant work.

"At and near Fort Yale there are a few miners at work, making from one dollar to five dollars per day. At 'New York Bar,' just above, there is a small company of New Yorkers at work, with little success at present."

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore has been staying in the city for some days with his bride. He spent some time in the Harpers' establishment, the various departments of which he visited and examined with much interest. Mr. Fillmore looks well and strong. He speaks as though he had taken leave of politics forever.

We see by the Philadelphia papers that "Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" has been giving his clever entertainment of "Song and Chit-chat of Travel in Many Lands" in that city, and has been enthusiastically received. His friends are hoping to see him soon again in New York.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini, on returning from St. Stephen's church on Sunday, October 31, missed her watch, a valued *souvenir*. The town was instantly flooded with posters offering $100 reward for the recovery of the *bijou*, which was subsequently found in the church.

Mr. C. Oscanyan, the eminent Orientalist, has accepted several engagements to lecture upon the "Social and Political Affairs of Turkey;" and commences his tour at New Haven next week. No man in America is better fitted for such a task than Mr. Oscanyan.

The Rev. James Pratt, rector of St. Stephen's, Portland, has resigned, to accept the charge of the parish of the late Rev. Dudley Tyng of Philadelphia. Mr. Pratt has been rector of St. Stephen's over twenty years; salary, $5000.

The Rev. Horatio Stebbins, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Portland, has been invited to King's Chapel, Boston, and, it is said, will accept; salary, $6000.

Dr. David Dale Owen and his brother, Dr. Richard Owen, are about establishing a School of the Practical Sciences at New Harmony, Indiana.

The Florence correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* writes to that paper as follows: "The second bronze cast of Powers's Webster is just finished. If possible, it is more perfect than the one lost at sea. It should be exhibited at Washington before being placed on its pedestal in Boston. I doubt if there is a nobler portrait-statue extant. 'Webster seems to fill every part of it,' said one of our gifted countrymen, this morning, after contemplating it for an hour.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pierce are expected here within a few days from Switzerland, *en route* for Rome, whither his friend and biographer, Mr. Hawthorne, has preceded him. Mr. H. passed the summer in a pleasant villa in this vicinity with his family. The reading public will probably not be disappointed in its expectation of another book from his pen."

The Boston *Transcript*, speaking of the bad arrangements for the sale of tickets to Mr. Curtis's lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, says: "Some of the dresses torn at Mr. Curtis's lecture last week cost three times the price of a reserved seat," viz.: $1×3=$3.

Jerome N. Bonaparte, Jun., arrived in the *Fulton*, direct from France, and is now stopping at the New York Hotel. Jerome N. Bonaparte is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, the only brother of Napoleon the Great now living. He is a descendant of the American branch of the Bonaparte family, Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, having been his grandmother. His father, Jerome Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon the Great, still resides in Baltimore, Maryland. Young Bonaparte has probably returned on furlough to visit his relatives in this country. He graduated at West Point several years ago, and was there distinguished as the best swordsman in his class. In the examination of 1850 he was reported among distinguished cadets for proficiency in mathematics, French, and Drawing. Shortly after the accession of the present Emperor of France to power, young Bonaparte joined the French army as a second lieutenant. He was in the Crimean war, and has been successful in obtaining position under the banner of France.

The Hon. Rufus Choate has made the valuable donation to the Boston Public Library of a set of the Massachusetts Reports, the Revised Statutes, and other legal authorities—in all, seventy-two volumes.

General James Keenan, of Pennsylvania, United States Consul at Hong Hong, who came home a few months ago, on leave of absence, is in Philadelphia, making arrangements for an early return to his post.

A Philadelphia printer, Philip Lynch, who entered the office of the *Inquirer* twenty years ago, a poor lad, has been elected to the Legislature in California, and has made a fortune in farming and stock-raising.

Messrs. Meagher and Paez went to Central America in the early part of this year, and remained four months in Costa Rica. During the whole of that time they were occupied in the exploration of the country. What they saw, heard, and thought of it, the narratives which Mr. Meagher is now delivering at Niblo's Saloon sufficiently show. The narrative is accompanied by illustrations, painted on canvas by Mr. Joseph Kyle, of this city, from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. Paez.

THE DANGER OF OFFICIOUSNESS.

The *Herald* reporter tells the following story: "A rich case came off before Justice Brennan at the Essex Market Police Court last week. A strictly virtuous but officious lady came into court with an infant in her arms, which had been left on her hands by one of her neighbors, under the following somewhat peculiar circumstances: There resided at No. 31 Thompson Street a California widow, whose appearance led the complainant and other of the neighbors to think that she had recently given birth to a child. Such a state of things could not be permitted to exist without an investigation, and accordingly the complainant volunteered to enter the widow's apartments and make a search of the premises. On confronting the widow, and questioning in regard to the matter, the latter denied the soft impeachment, and gave her interlocutor to understand that she had discovered a mare's nest. But indignant virtue was not to be baffled so easily. She suspected that the widow's bed contained something unusual, and darted forward to make an examination. To her joy and satisfaction she found a little child reposing under the sheets, and in triumph she bore the infant down stairs and forthwith proceeded to the Police Court. An officer was at once dispatched to the scene of the excitement, with orders to arrest the widow and bring her before the magistrate. Upon inquiry the policeman learned that the widow had packed up her traps and had taken her departure for parts unknown. The result of the officer's mission was communicated to Mrs. Meddle, whose chagrin at having had the baby left upon her hands was the source of much amusement to all who were in the secret. Justice Brennan expressed himself sorry that the complainant should have fallen into such a trap, but advised her to take care of the infant. Fearing that she would be made the laughing-stock of the community if she adopted the child, she at first refused, but subsequently consented to become the future guardian of the little innocent."

A NEW THEORY OF THE COMET'S TAIL.

The Boston *Courier* says: "Professor Pierce's theory may be concisely stated to be the discovery of the law under which the tail is formed. While planets and comets describe their orbits about the sun, and are attracted to the centre by a law of force, which varies inversely as the square of the distance from this centre—the particles of the tail move under the influence of a repulsion which follows the very same law as gravitation, of a decrease with distance. The force of the repulsion is about three and a third times as great as that of gravitation. Each particle of the tail describes an independent orbit of its own, unaffected by any cohesive attachment to the comet itself, or to the neighboring particles of the tail. The orbit of each particle is a hyperbola, with the sun in the focus of the opposite branch, so that its convexity is turned toward the sun; and the orbit is tangent to the parabolic orbit of the comet at the point where the particle leaves this body. The forms of the tails of the remarkable comets of 1680, 1744, and of the present year, computed by this theory, have been found to coincide remarkably with observation, although they were of the most distinctly various characters."

TERMINATION POINT FOREVER CLOSED TO VISITORS.

We learn from the Hamilton *Spectator* that constant change, the law of nature, reigns too at Niagara. Every year the outline of the wonderful cataract changes, as the mighty waters slowly but surely wear away their channel, carrying in their embrace now a small fragment, then a huge mass of rock, into the chasm below. Years ago, our readers well remember, Table Rock yielded to Time, and at successive periods pieces of it have fallen. On a visit to the Falls, a day or two since, we observed another change has occurred, meriting at least a passing notice. Every sight-seer must recollect the path which, commencing below the brink of the ravine on the Canada side, almost opposite Prospect House, leads beneath Table Rock, and which those who desire to go "under the sheet of falling water" used to traverse in their water-proof habiliments.

It led to Termination Point, as a spot a long distance under the cataract was called, and the adventurer who dared air and flood to reach it, blinded by spray, deafened by the terrible roar which the beating of million tuns of water on the rocks below produces, used to receive a certificate of his having accomplished the feat. The oil-skins are yet in requisition, the guides yet demand and receive their fees, and the certificates are yet given. Termination Point, too, may yet exist. But no mortal being can visit it. It never could be seen from the shore end of the cavernous tunnel—one side rock, the other water, and the floor a composition of both—which led thither. And the path to it is now cut off. The road along which one used to grope has fallen away. One can still walk about a yard under the cataract, but then the hardiest and most courageous must pause, no further foothold is afforded, and another step would lead one to an intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries which it is here forbidden us to know. Ere long, doubtless, now that the stratum of soft rock below has fallen and been pounded to clay, the upper mass will fall. And then another step will have been taken in the slow and tedious course in which Niagara has eaten its own way back from Queenstown, and is, if geologists say true, to wear itself away somewhere above Chippewa.

A QUEER FISH.

We read in the *Tribune:* "We were yesterday shown a singular-looking monster of the deep that was captured by Mr. Hiram Tweedy, a boatman at the foot of Christopher Street, North River. Mr. T. was in his boat a short distance from the pier, when his attention was attracted by a monstrous head protruding from the water. In an instant he seized his boat-hook, and succeeded in capturing the fish, which was found to be about four feet in length, and weighed twenty-five pounds. The head was similar in shape to the rim of a man's hat, the body resembling the body of a cod-fish. On the top of the head, about six inches from the snout, were two eyes as large as a cent, while just beyond were two small horns, surrounded at the base by long hair. The mouth of the monster, set around with sharp teeth, was of sufficient capacity to take in the head of a child six or eight years old, and its great tongue seemed to be covered with little prickles. It had no gills, and the only breathing apertures were two holes in the snout. On each side were two great fins, while protruding from its belly were two hands, with five fingers, and almost as perfect as a human hand. In its mouth were found six or eight small fish, and the probability is that the monster was taking his dinner when Mr. Tweedy hooked him from his native element."

THE GREAT GAMBLING-HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.

The death of a noted gambling-house keeper at Washington has induced a correspondent of the Boston *Post* to give the following review of his place;

"His 'establishment' was upon Pennsylvania Avenue, between the National Hotel and the Capitol. Let us approach and look at it.

"You enter by a door of variegated stained glass, which, by gas light, reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Ascending a flight of stairs you reach a door, pull the bell, and instantly a small aperture opens, and you are greeted with a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory, set in black, which nominally belong to Sambo, but which, in fact, are the property of the proprietor. A glance suffices. You have filled Sambo's eye, and are deemed passable. The door is at once opened, and you are ushered into the ante-room—the vestibule of hell! This room is not large, but elegantly appointed—the chief attraction being the sideboard, which is of solid marble and white as Diana's breast. Here are arranged in long and glistening columns decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliants, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host.

The spacious 'Sporting hall' is now visible. The floor is covered with carpeting from the Orient, of immense cost and marvelous beauty. The walls are adorned with superb paintings of the old masters and the new, while pendent from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence; with mirrors of mammoth size reflecting your form and features from a score of glistening embrasures. Along the hall, at convenient distances, are ranged circular tables of polished rosewood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark-visaged men, who heed you not—their eyes having another and stronger attraction. One would naturally suppose this to be a theatre for jests, drollery, and song, or bacchanalian revelings, or pugilistic encounters. Far from it. On the contrary, all is hushed, silent, and sepulchral.

'No real voice or sound,
Within these cheerless walls is found.'

You are oppressed with the fearful stillness and awful silence which pervades the place. A laugh, a joke, or even a curse would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath or half-subdued sigh is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of lungs and life.

THE SUPPER.

"An hour's inspection satisfies your curiosity, and you are about taking your departure when a soft hand taps you on the shoulder, and a low voice: 'Please don't leave, Sir; supper will be ready in a few minutes.' At precisely half past ten o'clock the doors of the dining-hall are thrown open, and 'Supper's ready' proclaims an immediate armistice between the combatants, and invites to a more healthy and rational duty. The long tables groan beneath their burden of gold and silver plate, and the heaps of delicacies which surmount and adorn them. Here are venison from the brown forests of Maine, turkeys from the broad savannas of the West, canvas-backs from the placid Potomac, trout from Superior, and salmon from the St. Johns; together with fruits, flowers, and wines for every taste and from every clime.

"The repast over, you are permitted, with a patronizing invitation, to 'call again,' to make your retreat to the open air, there to thank Heaven that you are not a worshiper within this magnificent yet cheerless abode.

HOW A SENATOR BROKE THE BANK.

"One night's work, a few days previous to the close of the last session, made sad havoc among the coffers of this den. It is said that a distinguished Senator won on that night $180,000, which broke the bank and caused a temporary suspension. A new house, however, was soon purchased by him, and was magnificently decorated, when the 'king of terrors,' the great unbeaten and unchallenged, stepped in and closed the game of life forever."

A PETRIFIED WIFE.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Inquirer* says: "A few days since, a gentleman residing in Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a second time, wished to remove the body of his wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were made to that effect, and laborers opened the grave in the usual manner; but when they reached the coffin they could not lift it, so great was the weight. After obtaining considerable assistance, however, the men succeeded in raising the coffin from the tomb. They then could not resist the temptation of peering into the coffin and learning the reason for its unusual weight, and found, instead of the remains of a corpse, a stone figure, the exact counterpart of the woman who had died. This strange story soon spread, and hundreds and thousands of persons were present to see the strange spectacle.

"The husband took the body of his departed spouse home, and has it there now, where it is visited by hundreds of the curious and scientific. The body seems to have been petrified, and to have become a perfect stone woman. The probability is that the body has become adipocere, and will before long melt or crumble."

A ROBBER'S CAVE.

The Franklin (Pennsylvania) *Citizen* of the 27th inst. has the following: "About five miles from this place, near where the Pittsburgh road crosses Sandy Creek, a singular discovery was made by a Mr. Mason. While hunting bees he noticed, under some rocks, a buffalo robe and other evidences of the presence of some animals less laborious and less honest than those he was in search of. Being somewhat frightened, he called others, who, after some search, discovered jewelry of different kinds, worth, in all, about $100. In addition to this, a pair of boots and pantaloons, a vest, cravat, and fine coat were picked up near the jewelry dépôt. The circumstance induced ten of the adjacent citizens to repair to the spot and lie in wait that night for the return of the depositors, but through the imprudence of kindling a fire after night nothing was effected. In dispersing next morning a sack of flour, three freshly-dressed chickens, and a blanket were found unconcealed, as though they had been hastily left. Several other articles, such as powder, caps, an old revolver, augers, a bottle of chloroform, etc., were picked up."

A MAN SMOTHERED IN A CHIMNEY.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of November 1 says: "Between seven and eight o'clock last evening a young man, aged twenty-two years, named Richard Dillon, was smothered to death in a chimney of a house of bad character, known as 'Mrs. Price's,' in Shippen Street, a few doors below Fourth, north side. His death was the result of his own recklessness and passion, and occurred in the following manner, as near as the facts could be gleaned from the people about the house, who were unwilling to give any information to the reporters; thus forcing them to gather their facts from the disjointed and contradictory statements and conversations which went on in the room where the young man lay dead:

"Dillon is a plasterer. His mother and sister reside near Fifth and Carpenter streets. For quite a long time Dillon had been living with a woman as his mistress. We heard her name mentioned at the scene of the accident, coupled with the remark, uttered by a flippant young girl, that 'Annie —— would not be back from the theatre in time to see Dick;' but we do not know that she is in any way blamable for the occurrence of last night. Dillon quarreled with his mistress, and she left him not long since, but he was aware that she resided at Mrs. Price's. Yesterday afternoon he had been drinking with a companion, and they went out and bought two 'black jacks.' This was about three o'clock. Dillon was next seen, between seven and eight o'clock, at Mrs. Price's, and he declared that his mistress was up stairs with another man, and he would see her. Rushing up the narrow, steep stairs from the front room on the lower story (where there is a bar), Dillon forced the door of the third story room, where he supposed 'his woman' was locked. He raged around on a landing a while, and then climbed the ladder leading to the roof, for the purpose of getting down into the room by the chimney. In the dark, or in his drunken rage, he dropped into another chimney just beside the third story flue, but stuck fast when his body was just opposite the third story landing. Here his cries were heard, as well as the noise of the detached bricks and mortar which fell on the fire-place in the lower story. Efforts were at once made to rescue him by the mistress of the house and by neighbors; but although he once held on to a rope which was let down to him, he could not be drawn up, and was finally rescued by breaking into the brick-work of the chimney. A hole about three feet long was made, and he was drawn out alive; but he died soon after being carried into the room into which he had tried to get. Here we saw his body, and his sister, a good-looking young woman of about twenty, weeping bitterly over it, while half a dozen young men and women discussed the affair as coolly as if he had only been asleep instead of dead.

SUICIDE OF HIS MISTRESS.

"This event was only the first act in the drama. It seems that Dillon had another mistress, who lived in Pine Alley, and who went by the name of 'Annie Smith,' an assumed name. Dillon had quarreled with this girl, and threatened to kill her, and she had declared her intention of drowning herself in consequence of his threats. She declared her intention to commit suicide to several persons during the evening, and had gone so far as to give away her few effects to different parties when intelligence of the death of Dillon was brought to her. She then said 'Good-by!' to those who were about her, and went away. This morning, at daybreak, her body was found floating in a dock in the Delaware, between Lombard and South streets. The coroner was sent for to hold an inquest, and we accompanied that official to the spot. The body of the wretched woman was tied to a boat in the dock, and the water, as it rippled over her face, wafted her scarcely disheveled hair about upon its surface. Upon the wharf hundreds of curious gazers were gathered, and among the throng there were many females who belonged to the same abandoned class as the poor suicide, and who seemed drawn to the scene by some irresistible attraction. Mothers were there, too, with their little children, all pushing and struggling to look upon the body of the

"'One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.'

"The body was finally dragged out of the river and laid upon the wharf until the dead-cart should arrive."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ceremonies of proroguing the Imperial Parliament took place with the accustomed formalities on Tuesday the 19th. The Lord Chancellor said: "By virtue of the commission which has just been read, I declare, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, that this Parliament is prorogued until Friday the 19th November next."

STATE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A dispatch from Valentia reached London on the night of the 20th, stating that intelligible signals were again being received from Newfoundland through the cable. The signals were very distinct, and the words received were, "Daniells now in circuit." Authority was at once given to use the Daniells battery likewise at Valentia.

In his letter to the press announcing the gratifying fact, Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, says: "This, however, though encouraging, must not be regarded as a permanent state of things, as it is still clear there is a serious fault in the cable, while, at the same time, it is not at present absolutely clear that any except the most extraordinary, and, to the cable, dangerous efforts can be made, more especially on this side, to overcome the existing obstacles in the way of perfect working."

It is said that the Company will probably send out one of Henley's new and powerful electric machines to Newfoundland.

The Dover and Calais cable has been broken.

STAUNTON BACKS OUT.

The following letter appears in the London *Illustrated News:*

"LONDON, *October* 9, 1858.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter I have to observe that you must be perfectly conscious that the difficulty in the way of my engaging in a chess match is one over which I have no control. You were distinctly apprised, in answer to the extraordinary proposal of your friends that I should leave my home, family, and avocations, to proceed to New Orleans for the purpose of playing chess with you, 'that a long and arduous contest, even in London, would be an undertaking too formidable for me to embark in without ample opportunity for the recovery of my old strength in play, together with such arrangements as would prevent the sacrifice of my professional engagements.' Upon your unexpected arrival here the same thing was repeated to you, and my acceptance of your challenge was entirely conditional on my being able to gain time for practice.

"The experience, however, of some weeks, during which I have labored unceasingly, to the serious injury of my health, shows that not only is it impracticable for me to save time for that purpose, but that by no means short of giving up a great work on which I am engaged, subjecting the publishers to the loss of thousands, and myself to an action for breach of contract, could I obtain time even for the match itself. Such a sacrifice is, of course, out of all question. A match at chess or cricket may be a good thing in its way, but none but a madman would for either forfeit his engagements and imperil his professional reputation. Under these circumstances, I waited only the termination of your late struggle to explain that, fettered as I am at this moment, it is impossible for me to undertake any enterprise which would have the effect of withdrawing me from duties I am pledged to fulfill.

"The result is not, perhaps, what either you or I desired, as it will occasion disappointment to many; but it is unavoidable, and the less to be regretted since a contest wherein one of the combatants must fight under disadvantages so manifest as those I should have to contend against, after many years' retirement from practical chess, with my attention absorbed and brain overtaxed by more important pursuits, could never be accounted a fair trial of skill. I have the honor to be,

"Yours, etc., H. STAUNTON.

"PAUL MORPHY, ESQ.

"P.S. I may add that, although denied the satisfaction of a set encounter with you at this period, I shall have much pleasure, if you will again become my guest, in playing you a few games, *sans façon.*"

FRANCE.

STRANGE INSPIRATION OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

A most singular event, which has just happened in Paris, has given rise to new excitement among the mystical coteries which form a great portion, and the very best, of Parisian society. At the breaking up of the great *retraite* of the clergy, which took place at St. Sulpice a few days ago, the Archbishop of Paris, a member of the privy council, and quite in the confidence and intimacy of the Emperor, spoke in the most extraordinary manner concerning the doleful aspect of public affairs since the 14th of January, which had completely changed the position of the country and the attributes of the government. "Messieurs," said the prelate, "I dismiss you to your respective duties, with the earnest prayer that you will unite in prayer and fasting and good works to turn aside the evil which is hovering over us. A frightful danger threatens the country—a danger which our order will be the first to share. Time is not accorded to us to avert it—for it is here—even while I speak it is here, and knocking at the gate. I am not permitted to add more in the way of warning—neither must I reveal the nature of the danger with which we are threatened; but rest assured that it is imminent and deadly. When the exalted post I now occupy was first imposed upon me I refused it, as you all know, with the greatest earnestness. Overruled by those above me, the post has been, as it were, forced upon me, and my mission upon this earth, therefore, made clear. I would have turned from me this bitter cup, but am now prepared to drink it to the very lees. Forget not that upon us must fall the weight of expiation which this nation has accumulated, and that *we* must become the first victims of the great sacrifice which is already laid upon the altar, awaiting the hand which shall apply the first spark to the offering. The smoke and the incense of those who have gone before have not availed. Remember Quelen, whose moral life was all extinguished by the destruction of his palace and the malediction of the people. Then came Affie in 1848, whose voluntary sacrifice was not yet accounted of sufficient import, and more was still demanded. Sibour, in 1857, might be thought to have satisfied the ire of an irritated God; but it is not so. Worse than all, this remains to be fulfilled, and my very name would seem to be a warning of my fate..... Go, then, Messieurs. I say 'adieu,' and dare not '*au revoir*.' Reflect on these things; watch and pray. Be vigilant and valiant in the good cause, and when it falls let it be with the dignity worthy of the power it once owned, and of the hope it still possesses." This wonderful inspiration, uttered in a tone of the deepest conviction, is said to have produced an effect not to be described upon the assembly of priests of all ages, of all degrees, and from every province, assembled at St. Sulpice, to celebrate the *Grands Retraite,* the most solemn ecclesiastical observance among all those celebrated in the Gallican Church.

ARE HOOPS TO BE ABOLISHED?

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes that crinoline has been dethroned and banished, and that it has been succeeded by a new fashion, "long and draped and floating, like a Muse's costume." The writer adds: "And none but women of grace can wear the new dress. What hours of study must be spent before the train can be managed—before the wearer can walk into a drawing-room, or take a seat at table, or a stroll in the street."

The Providence *Journal* does not credit the story. It has been repeated too often, and the next arrival has always brought us news of a wider expanse and of more numerous folds. Besides, every body knows that "a Muse's costume" would not be comfortable or proper.

A SEBASTOPOL FOUNDLING.

Parisian sympathy is very much interested, just now, in the accounts given of the growth and accomplishments of a child found asleep in his cradle at the sacking of Sebastopol. The French soldier, who first came upon the little unconscious creature, took him carefully in his arms to bear him to a place of safety—intending to fully adopt and rear him as his own. But an English officer, a man of wealth and high social position, chanced to meet him with the babe impressed to his bosom, and, on inquiring into it, offered to buy his prize. Upon consideration of how much better off the little "enemy" would be, with the rank and means of his proposed step-father, the soldier agreed, giving up the boy and receiving *one pound* as the price. Delighted with his impromptu baby, the officer took him to England, and, though a bachelor, had him properly cared for by his wealthy relatives. He is, at present, daily seen mounted on his little pony, and riding in Hyde Park with his adopted papa, one of the very handsomest and most promising lads in all England! The fashionable news of the *Court Journal* is incomplete without mention of him, and the French papers copy it with national interest as the little Russian-born, French-found, and English-raised orphan. He certainly is a well-*offu'n*, considering.

SOCIAL PROSPECTS AT PARIS.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "It is already announced that the coming season will be even more than usually gay, and preparations on an extensive scale are being made. Numbers of visitors of high rank and great wealth are expected. Private theatricals will be still more in vogue than last winter, if we may judge by the large number of orders already received by the inventor of the *portable theatre*, that has taken the place of the screen formerly made the representative of all sorts of scenery in the drawing-room. The little *theatre des salons* is any thing and every thing that suits the occasion; a palace, a cottage, a gipsy camp, a church, a boudoir, or a garden; it has its stage, its side scenes, its prompter's box, its drop curtain. To all these advantages it adds that of being pack-up-able by means of the withdrawal of three or four screws, in five minutes, if the room is needed for a dance after the play is over; nor does it take longer to put up than to take down. The whole thing may be had for the trifling sum of 500 francs, and those who have hitherto refrained from having private theatricals, on account of the difficulty in getting them up without scenery, may now indulge their taste freely. Some two hundred of these useful contrivances have already been ordered. Should the present fine weather be prolonged, the reopening of the aristocratic salons will be delayed several weeks. There will not be any great fêtes until the return of the court from Compiégne, whither it will go on the Emperor's arrival from the camp, though the contrary had been surmised. The autumn is, in a great many of the provinces, the finest part of the year. Another more imperative reason why the winter season should commence so late is, that fashion commands the going out of town when summer is almost over, and returning to it when winter is well upon us—a farther proof that fashion is often at variance with common sense and good taste."

MYSTERIOUS CONSPIRACY.

The following marvelous story appears in the *Droit:* "A few days ago, as a lad of seventeen years of age, a pupil of the College d'Alençon, who was on a visit to his parents at Mortagne (Orne), was taking a walk, a boy slipped into his hands a piece of paper, and ran away. The paper contained these words: 'Monsieur Emile,—Be kind enough to go to-morrow, at seven o'clock in the evening, to the cemetery, on an important affair.' The lad went somewhat earlier than the hour mentioned, and, while waiting for the writer of the letter, amused himself in pruning shrubs and arranging flowers on the tomb of a member of his family. As he was so engaged he felt himself stabbed in the shoulder by a sharp instrument, and at the same moment a cord was thrown round his neck and pulled tightly. As he happened to have a knife in his hand, he cut the cord, and turning round perceived, in spite of the darkness which prevailed, a well-dressed man. This latter stabbed him in the breast and the thigh, but only slightly, and the lad in his turn stabbed his assailant in the breast. At length the lad broke away from his assailant and took to flight, and the latter went away in a contrary direction. The lad had no idea who the man was, nor his reason for attacking him. The police are endeavoring to clear up the mystery. The cord which he says was thrown round his neck was found in the cemetery."

PHOTOGRAPHING AN EXECUTION.

The study of photography has become so general as to induce some of its students to start a newspaper devoted to its theory and practice; and, accordingly, the first number of *The Photograph News* appeared on Friday last. Among other matters, we have an account from an enthusiastic student of the art in Algeria, who states that he has succeeded in photographing the flashing blade of the guillotine in its descent, as well as of figuring the culprit's head during the instantaneous fall from the machine into the basket. The occasion was that of the execution of six Arabs for a cold-blooded murder.

"The criminals were not brought on the scaffold together, but led up one at a time. The first was the Sheik, who seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. So rapidly was he bound to the plank and thrust under the axe that I had barely time to insert the plate-holder, and get the instantaneous movement in order, before the sharp edge descended, and his head rolled into the basket. This picture was quite successful, and so was the second; but the third was dim, the fourth was nearly, and the fifth and sixth were wholly invisible. How to account for this I know not, unless the atmosphere around the scaffold became in some way affected by the blood, the odor of which was distinctly perceptible to me."

GERMANY.

A MAN'S WIFE CHOPPED UP BEFORE HIS EYES.

A private letter communicated to the *Evening Post* has the following curious story of the distribution of the relics of an Austrian Archduchess:

"The body of the Saxon Princess Margaret (recently deceased), wife of the Archduke Charles, was laid upon a block and chopped in pieces, in order to send different parts of the body to various parts of the country. The chopping-up process took place in the Chapel of the Castle, in the presence of the dead woman's husband. Extended upon a red-draped block lay the naked white corpse, surrounded by priests chanting in Latin, youths swinging censors, and a number of men armed with choppers, saws, and other instruments. First the heart was cut out of the body, inclosed in a golden case, and placed in an urn. It was then sent to Rome, to be consecrated by the Pope, after which it was sent to the Loretto Chapel, and thence returned to Vienna. But it was not to rest here. Ten cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birth-place, and six Austrian bishoprics claimed the privilege of possessing all, or a part of the sainted Margaret's body. The Bishop of Prague would be content with the arms, the Bishop of Salzburg wished to obtain the head and shoulders, while the Bishop of Linz anxiously desired to possess the two middle fingers. The Vienna consistory was obliged to decide between the claimants, and the heart was at length forwarded to the Common Council of Insbruck, in Tyrol, accompanied by two autograph letters of the Archduke Charles—one of which was directed to the Chief of the Jesuits—in which the hope was expressed that 'Tyrol, the always faithful,' would 'for all time cherish the memory of the Archduchess, who was a saint upon earth.'

"Had the heart alone been separated from the body, the chopping-up process would soon have been finished; but the Church demanded more. Hence the Archduke Charles directed the cutting open of his wife's abdomen—which was done. The intestines were taken out, placed in copper, silver, and golden capsules, and sent with an autograph letter to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where the said intestines were first exhibited upon the altar, and then buried beneath the altar. Hereupon the two middle fingers were severed from the body, and sent with another autograph letter to Dresden. All that remained of the Archduchess was then wrapped in red velvet, and laid in state on a catafalco; and ultimately the mutilated corpse was placed in a coffin and deposited in the imperial tomb."

ITALY.

A MAN ARRESTED FOR SENDING BIBLES TO ROME.

About a fortnight ago two trunks were seized in the Custom-house of Civita Vecchia, the experienced eyes of the examining officers having detected false bottoms to them, which, being raised, displayed a quantity of Bibles and other prohibited works. The merchant to whom the trunks were addressed, for the purpose of forwarding them to Rome, protested his total ignorance of their contents, and was therefore not molested by the police. A few days after a young man named Frederici, the son of a small merchant in Civita Vecchia, was arrested at the Post-office, just as he had received his letters. A domiciliary visit of the police to his residence was productive of little or no evidence against him, but he was, notwithstanding, sent to Rome a few hours afterward, handcuffed, and escorted by two gens d'armes. It appears that he was in correspondence with some political refugees at Genoa, and the police managed to intercept the letters on both sides.

LOVE AND MURDER.

Two years ago a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of the sisters Ferni, the violinists, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 francs a year. Ferni replied he would do so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying any thing further; but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered. Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at La Scala; but they had not been long there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venesia, and repeated his suit. Mademoiselle Virginia, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. "Is that your fixed resolution?" asked the Sicilian. "It is," replied the young lady. On which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap, and then stabbed himself with a poniard. Surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters above mentioned was addressed to the police of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved.

MEXICO.

FEARFUL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from the city of Mexico:

"I wish it were in my power to give one cheering item of news, but as it is I can not. Day after day we hear of nothing but robbery after robbery, sack after sack, etc. The ordinary circumstance of a diligence robbery, or the plundering of a small town, the tying up of an *administrador* of a hacienda, and forcing him to give a draft on his employers for $1000, $2000, or $3000 for his life, and such like affairs, have sunk below mediocrity and lost their former positions as items of gossip, except it may be among the parties themselves or the friends of the parties interested. The number of poor creatures thrown out of house and home is daily on the increase. It is estimated that some six to eight thousand people have taken refuge in this city. To come here costs money, and you may, therefore, calculate the number who have no money that are driven from their homes throughout the country. The number is tamely estimated at over 250,000 persons. This is the number now, and still the work goes on."

BRAZIL.

MADAME LA GRANGE AT COURT.

The following is an extract from a letter from Madame La Grange, who is in Brazil:

"The day after our arrival we were presented to the Emperor Don Pedro II. This deserves a few details. In Europe we are accustomed to see the sovereigns, and places of their abode, surrounded by a pomp quite unknown here. I will bid adieu to all reflections, however, and relate simply that which occurred. We arrived at *a house* comfortable enough in appearance—nothing more. At the door we were asked: 'You desire to see the Emperor?' 'Yes.' 'You are strangers?' 'Yes.' 'Enter.'

"On the first floor we were received in a small saloon very simply furnished. Two chamberlains came and conversed with us regarding France, which they admired, the voyage by England, which they doubted, the talents they gave you credit for, in language the most Parisian. Other persons arrived, and all waited. Suddenly the door opened, a handsome man appeared, seemingly young, who, seeing M. Pereira da Silva speaking with us—we made the voyage together from England, and through the same sufferings became fast friends—he approached him with an extended hand and an expression of pleasure and affection. 'Is this Madame La Grange?' asked the Emperor. M. da Silva having replied 'Yes,' his Majesty commenced talking French with us like a Russian! I confess this reception put me more at my ease than when I was presented to Meyerbeer in his Berlin! His Majesty graciously thanked me for having had the courage to cross the ocean and come so far in search of a million, not in reis, and conducted us presently to the Empress, who received me more as a countess than an artist, which was quite the contrary to the reception of the Emperor. My husband, who made me Countess, was enchanted. I, who made myself artist, was more delighted to be considered *en esimia virtuosa* than as a noble lady! Their Majesties receive daily after dinner till the hour of business. I have been told Don Pedro II. works like a student in the polytechnic school; he wishes to undertake certain extensive works, which he will himself superintend."

AUSTRALIA.

EXPLORATION OF THE INTERIOR.

Dispatches have been received from Mr. Babbage, who was still prosecuting his exploration, but he does not appear to have succeeded in finding any country that can be easily made available. His letter, dated June 16, describes the finding of Mr. Coulthard's remains. The body of the unfortunate man lay under a scrub bush, and at a short distance from him his canteen and other bush accoutrements. Upon one side of that canteen, offering a convex surface of tin about twelve inches long and ten inches deep, is scratched with a nail or some other rough-pointed instrument the following inscription:

"I never reached water I do not know how long it is since it is that I left Scott and Brooks but I think it Monday bleeding pomp to leive of his blood I took his black horse to look for water and the last thing I can rember is puling the saddle off him & letting him go until now is not good I am not th shure how long it may be wether 2 or 3 days I do not know My Tung is stkig to my mouth & I see what I have rote I know it is this is the last time I may have of expressing feeling alive & the feeling exu is lost for want of water My ey Dasels My tong burn I can see no More God Help."

Major Warburton has also returned to Adelaide from his exploring tour, but he does not seem to have been more successful.

HUSKING THE CORN IN NEW ENGLAND.

DRIVING HOME THE CORN.

A CORN-HUSKING IN NEW ENGLAND.

We give herewith three pictures of the famous corn-husking festivals of New England. For the benefit of those who have never seen a "corn-husking," we may explain that when the Indian corn has been gathered in the corn-house, or the barn, the neighbors are all invited to the husking. This consists simply of stripping the leaves or husks from the full ripened ears, which is done by hand. The ears are thrown into a heap, and the husks gathered in a corner. The scene is one of great merriment, and usually winds up with a banquet and social games.

A New England husking, however, has been so well described by Barlow, in his inimitable poem in praise of "Hasty-pudding," that it would be unpardonable not to give an extract. The third canto thus commences:

The days grow short; but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various task prolong,
And yield new subject to my various song.
For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest-home,
The invited neighbors to the husking come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack,
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack,
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

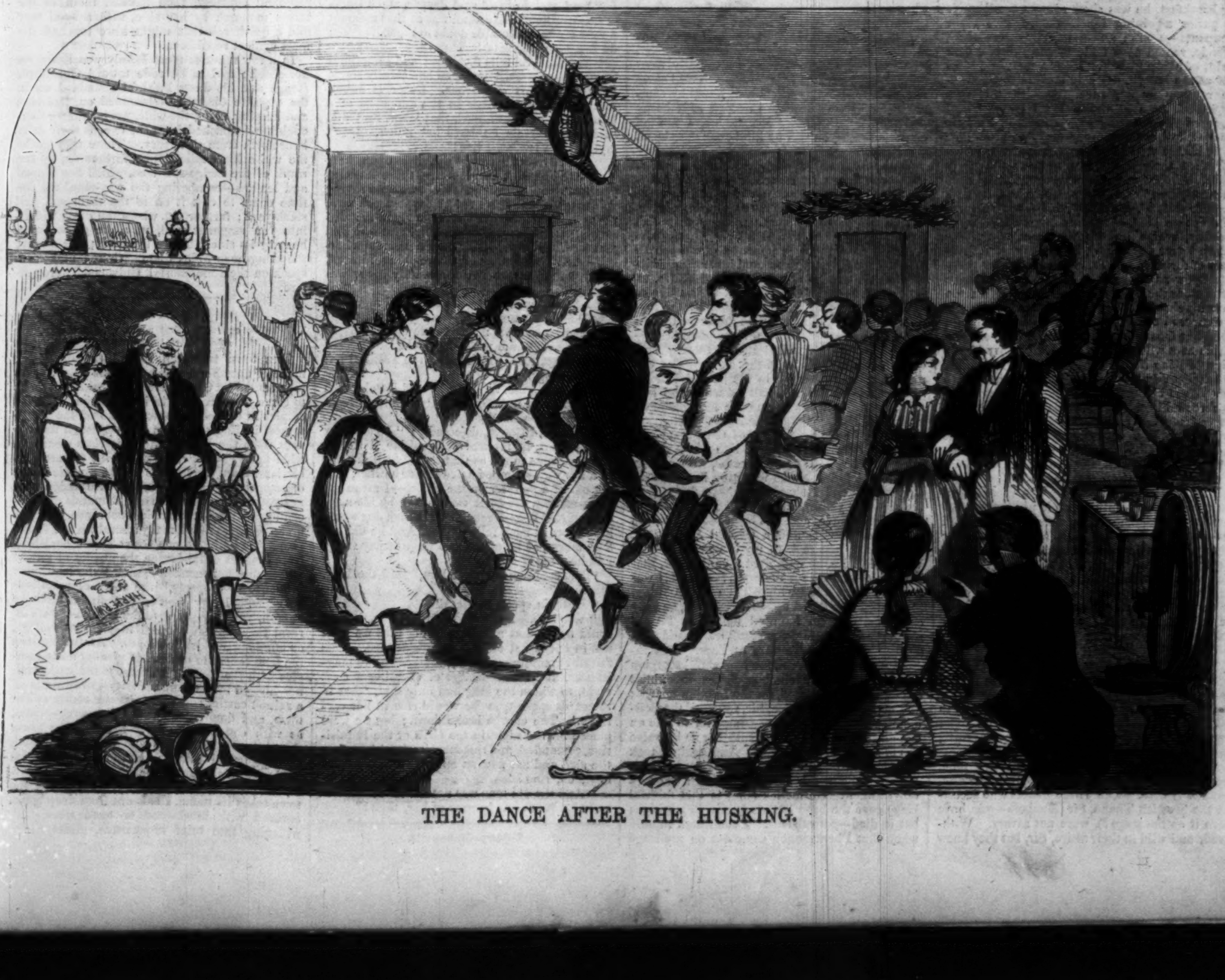
The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut-ear he soils the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid the prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She walks the rounds, and culls one favored beau
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.

Various the sport, as are the wit and brains
Of well-pleased lasses, and contending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile, the housewife plies her evening care
The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare;

* * * * * * * *

When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats, as at the corn before.



THE DANCE AFTER THE HUSKING.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

The Man-eater humiliated. He encounters an old acquaintance in a traveler, who, like Shakspeare's Jaques, is "a melancholy fellow;" who, also, like Jaques, hath "great reason to be sad;" and who, still like Jaques, is "full of matter."

JASPER LOSELY rode slowly on through the clear frosty night; not back to the country town which he had left on his hateful errand, nor into the broad road to London. With a strange desire to avoid the haunts of men, he selected—at each choice of way in the many paths branching right and left, between waste and woodland—the lane that seemed the narrowest and the dimmest. It was not remorse that gnawed him, neither was it the mere mercenary disappointment, nor even the pang of baffled vengeance—it was the profound humiliation of diseased self-love—the conviction that, with all his brute power, he had been powerless in the very time and scene in which he had pictured to himself so complete a triumph. The very quiet with which he had escaped stung him. Capture itself would have been preferable, if capture had been preceded by brawl and strife—the exhibition of his hardihood and prowess. Gloomily bending over his horse's neck, he cursed himself as fool and coward. What would he have had!—a new crime on his soul? Perhaps he would have answered, "Any thing rather than this humbling failure." He did not rack his brains with conjecturing if Cutts had betrayed him, or by what other mode assistance had been sent in such time of need to Darrell. Nor did he feel that hunger for vengeance, whether on Darrell or on his accomplice (should that accomplice have played the traitor), which might have been expected from his characteristic ferocity. On the contrary, the thought of violence and its excitements had in it a sickness as of shame. Darrell at that hour might have ridden by him scatheless. Cutts might have jeered and said, "I blabbed your secret, and sent the aid that foiled it;" and Losely would have continued to hang his head, nor lifted the Herculean hand that lay nerveless on the horse's mane. Is it not commonly so in all reaction from excitements in which self-love has been keenly galled? Does not vanity enter into the lust of crime as into the desire of fame?

At sunrise Losely found himself on the high road, into which a labyrinth of lanes had led him, and opposite to a mile-stone, by which he learned that he had been long turning his back on the metropolis, and that he was about ten miles distant from the provincial city of Ouzelford. By this time his horse was knocked up, and his own chronic pains began to make themselves acutely felt; so that when, a little farther on, he came to a wayside inn, he was glad to halt; and after a strong dram, which had the effect of an opiate, he betook himself to bed, and slept till the noon was far advanced.

When Losely came down stairs the common room of the inn was occupied by a meeting of the trustees of the high roads; and, on demanding breakfast, he was shown into a small sanded parlor adjoining the kitchen. Two other occupants—a man and a woman—were there already, seated at a table by the fireside, over a pint of half-and-half. Losely, warming himself at the hearth, scarcely noticed these humble revelers by a glance. And they, after a displeased stare at the stalwart frame which obscured the cheering glow they had hitherto monopolized, resumed a muttered conversation; of which, as well as of the *vile modicum* which refreshed their lips, the man took the lion's share. Shabbily forlorn were that man's habiliments—turned and returned, patched, darned, weather-stained, grease-stained—but still retaining that kind of mouldy grandiose, bastard gentility, which implies that the wearer has known better days; and, in the downward progress of fortunes when they once fall, may probably know still worse. The woman was some years older than her companion, and still more forlornly shabby. Her garments seemed literally composed of particles of dust glued together, while her face might have insured her condemnation as a witch before any honest jury in the reign of King James the First. His breakfast, and the brandy bottle that flanked the loaf, were now placed before Losely; and, as distastefully he forced himself to eat, his eye once more glanced toward, and this time rested on, the shabby man, in a sort of interest with which one knave out of elbows regards another. As Jasper thus looked, gradually there stole on him a reminiscence of those coarse large features—that rusty, disreputable wig. The recognition, however, was not mutual; and, presently, after a whisper interchanged between the man and the woman, the latter rose, and approaching Losely, dropped a courtesy, and said, in a weird, under voice, "Stranger, luck's in store for you. Tell your fortune?" As she spoke, from some dust hole in her garments she produced a pack of cards, on whose half-obliterated faces seemed incrusted the dirt of ages. Thrusting these antiquities under Jasper's nose, she added, "Wish and cut."

"Pshaw," said Jasper, who, though sufficiently superstitious in some matters and in regard to some persons, was not so completely under the influence of that imaginative infirmity as to take the creature before him for a sibyl. "Get away; you turn my stomach. Your cards smell; so do you!"

"Forgive her, worthy Sir," said the man, leaning forward. "The hag may be unsavory, but she is wise. The Three Sisters who accosted the Scottish Thane, Sir (Macbeth—you have seen it on the stage?), were not savory. Withered, and wild in their attire, Sir, but they knew a thing or two! She sees luck in your face. Cross her hand, and give it vent!"

"Fiddledee," said the irreverent Losely. "Take her off, or I shall scald her," and he seized the kettle.

The hag retreated grumbling; and Losely, soon dispatching his meal, placed his feet on the hobs, and began to meditate what course to adopt for a temporary subsistence. He had broken into the last pound left of the money which he had extracted from Mrs. Crane's purse some days before. He recoiled with terror from the thought of returning to town and placing himself at her mercy. Yet what option had he? While thus musing, he turned impatiently round and saw that the shabby man and the dusty hag were engaged in an amicable game of *ecarté*, with those very cards which had so offended his olfactory organs. At that sight the old instinct of the gambler struggled back; and, raising himself up, he looked over the cards of the players. The miserable wretches were, of course, playing for nothing; and Losely saw at a glance that the man was, nevertheless, trying to cheat the woman. Positively he took that man into more respect; and that man, noticing the interest with which Losely surveyed the game, looked up, and said, "While the time, Sir? What say you? A game or two? I can stake my pistoles—that is, Sir, so far as a fourpenny bit goes. If ignorant of this French game, Sir, cribbage or all-fours."

"No," said Losely, mournfully; "there is nothing to be got out of you; otherwise—" He stopped and sighed. "But I have seen you under other circumstances. What has become of your Theatrical Exhibition? Gambled it away? Yet, from what I see of your play, I think you ought not to have lost, Mr. Rugge."

The ex-manager started.

"What! You knew me before the Storm!—before the lightning struck me, as I may say, Sir—and falling into difficulties, I became—a wreck? You knew me?—not of the Company?—a spectator?"

"As you say—a spectator. You had once in your employ an actor—clever old fellow. Waife, I think, he was called."

"Ha! hold! At that name, Sir, my wounds bleed afresh. From that execrable name, Sir, there hangs a tale!"

"Indeed! Then it will be a relief to you to tell it," said Losely, resettling his feet on the hob, and snatching at any diversion from his own reflections.

"Sir, when a gentleman, who is a gentleman, asks, as a favor, a specimen of my powers of recital, not professionally, and has before him the sparkling goblet, which he does not invite me to share, he insults my fallen fortunes. Sir, I am poor—I own it; I have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, Sir; but I have still in this withered bosom the heart of a Briton!"

"Warm it, Mr. Rugge. Help yourself to the brandy—and the lady too."

"Sir, you are a gentleman; Sir, your health. Hag, drink better days to us both. That woman, Sir, *is* a hag, but she is an honor to her sex—faithful!"

"It is astonishing how faithful ladies are when not what is called beautiful. I speak from painful experience," said Losely, growing debonnair as the liquor relaxed his gloom, and regaining that levity of tongue which sometimes strayed into wit, and which, springing originally from animal spirits and redundant health—still came to him mechanically whenever roused by companionship from alternate intervals of lethargy and pain. "But now, Mr. Rugge, I am all ears; perhaps you will be kind enough to be all tale."

With tragic aspect, unrelaxed by that *jeu de mots*, and still wholly unrecognizing in the massive form and discolored swollen countenance of the rough-clad stranger, the elegant proportions, the healthful, blooming, showy face, and elaborate fopperies of the Jasper Losely who had sold to him a Phenomenon which proved so evanishing, Rugge entered into a prolix history of his wrongs at the hands of Waife, of Losely, of Sophy. Only of Mrs. Crane did he speak with respect; and Jasper then for the first time learned—and rather with anger for the interference than gratitude for the generosity—that she had repaid the £100, and thereby canceled Rugge's claim upon the child. The ex-manager then proceeded to the narrative of his subsequent misfortunes—all of which he laid to the charge of Waife and the Phenomenon. "Sir," said he, "I was ambitious. From my childhood's hour I dreamed of the great York Theatre—dreamed of it literally thrice. Fatal Vision! But, like other dreams, that dream would have faded—been forgotten in the work-day world—and I should not have fallen into the sere and yellow, but have had, as formerly, troops of friends, and not been reduced to the horrors of poverty and a faithful Hag. But, Sir, when I first took to my bosom that fiend, William Waife, he exhibited a genius, Sir, that Dowton (you have seen Dowton?—grand!) was a stick as compared with. Then my ambition, Sir, blazed and flared up—obstreperous, and my childhood's dream haunted me; and I went about musing—[Hag, you recollect!]—and muttering 'The Royal Theatre at York.' But incredible though it seem, the ungrateful scorpion left me, with a treacherous design to exhibit the parts I had fostered, on the London boards; and even-handed Justice, Sir, returned the poisoned chalice to his lips, causing him to lose an eye and to hobble—besides splitting up his voice—which served him right. And again I took the scorpion for the sake of the Phenomenon. I had a babe myself once, Sir, though you may not think it. Gormerick (that is this faithful Hag) gave the babe Daffy's Elixir, in teething; but it died—convulsions. I comforted myself when that Phenomenon came out on my stage—in pink satin and pearls. 'Ha!' I said, 'the great York Theatre shall yet be mine!' The haunting idea became a Mania, Sir. The learned say that there is a Mania called Money Mania*—when one can think but of the one thing needful—as the guilty Thane saw the dagger, Sir—you understand. And when the Phenomenon had vanished and gone, as I was told, to America, where I now wish I was myself, acting Rolla at New York or elsewhere, to a free and enlightened people—then, Sir, the Mania grew on me still stronger and stronger. There was a pride in it, Sir—a British pride. I said to this faithful Hag—'What—shall I not have the York because that false child has deserted me? Am I not able to realize a Briton's ambition without being beholden to a Phenomenon in spangles?' Sir, I took the York! Alone I did it!"

"And," said Losely, feeling a sort of dreary satisfaction in listening to the grotesque sorrows of one whose condition seemed to him yet more abject than his own—"And the York Theatre alone perhaps did you."

"Right, Sir," said Rugge—half dolorously, half exultingly. "It was a Grand Concern, and might have done for the Bank of England! It swallowed up my capital with as much ease, Sir, as I could swallow an oyster if there were one upon that plate. I saw how it would be the very first week—when I came out myself, strong—Kean's own part in the *Iron Chest*—Mortimer, Sir; there warn't three pounds ten in the house—packed audience, Sir, and they had the face to hiss me. 'Hag,' said I, to Mrs. Gormerick, 'this Theatre is a howling wilderness.' But there is a fascination in a Grand Concern, of which one is the head—one goes on and on. All the savings of a life devoted to the British Drama and the productions of native genius went in what I may call—a jiffy! But it was no common object, Sir, to your sight displayed—but what with pleasure, Sir (I appeal to the Hag!), Heaven itself surveyed!—a great man struggling, Sir, with the storms of fate, and greatly falling, Sir, with—a sensation! York remembers it to this day! I took the benefit of the Act—it was the only benefit I did take—and nobody was the better for it. But I don't repine—I realized my dream: that is more than all can say. Since then I have had many downs, and no ups. I have been a messenger, Sir—a prompter, Sir, in my own Exhibition—to which my own clown, having married into the tragic line, succeeded, Sir, as proprietor; buying of me, when I took the York, the theatre, scenery, and properties, Sir, with the right still to call himself, 'Rugge's Grand Theatrical Exhibition,' for an old song, Sir—Melancholy. Tyrannized over, Sir—snubbed and bullied by a creature dressed in a little brief authority; and my own tights—scarlet—as worn by me in my own applauded part of 'The Remorseless Baron.' At last, with this one faithful creature, I resolved to burst the chains—to be free as air—in short, a chartered libertine, Sir. We have not much, but thank the immortal gods, we *are* independent, Sir, the Hag and I, chartered libertines! And we are alive still—at which, in strict confidence, I may own to you that I am astonished."

"Yes! you do live," said Jasper, much interested—for how to live at all was at that moment a matter of considerable doubt to himself; "you do live—it *is* amazing! How?"

"The Faithful tells fortunes; and sometimes we pick up windfalls—widows and elderly single ladies—but it is dangerous. Labor is sweet, Sir; but not hard labor in the dungeons of a Bridewell; she has known that labor, Sir; and in those intervals I missed her much. Don't cry, Hag; I repeat, I live!"

"I understand now; you live upon her! They are the best of creatures, these hags, as you call them, certainly. Well, well, no saying what a man may come to! I suppose you have never seen Waife, nor that fellow you say was so well-dressed and good-looking, and who sold you the Phenomenon, nor the Phenomenon herself—Eh?" added Losely, stretching himself, and yawning, as he saw the brandy bottle was finished.

"I have seen Waife—the one-eyed monster! Aha—I have seen him!—and yesterday too; and a great comfort it was to me too."

"You saw Waife yesterday—where?"

"At Ouzelford, which I and the Faithful left this morning."

"And what was he doing?" said Losely, with well-simulated indifference. "Begging, breaking stones, or what?"

"No," said Rugge, dejectedly; "I can't say it was what, in farcical composition, I should call such nuts to me as that, Sir. Still, he was in a low way—seemed a peddler or hawker, selling out of a pannier on the Rialto—I mean the Corn-market, Sir—not even a hag by his side, only a great dog—French. A British dog would have scorned such fellowship. And he did not look merry, as he used to do when in my troop. Did he, Hag?"

"His conscience smites him," said the Hag, solemnly.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Why, no. I should have liked it, but we could not at that moment, seeing that we were not in our usual state of independence. This faithful creature was being led before the magistrates, and I too—charge of cheating a cook maid, to whom the Hag had only said, 'that if the cards spoke true she would ride in her carriage.' The charge broke down; but we were placed for the night in the Cells or the Inquisition, remanded, and this morning banished from the city, and are now on our way to—any other city; eh, Hag?"

"And the old man was not with the Phenomenon? What has become of her, then?"

* *Query*—Monomania.

"Perhaps she may be with him at his house, if he has one; only she was not with him on the Rialto or Corn-market. She was with him two years ago, I know; and he and she were better off then than he is now, I suspect. And that is why it did me good, Sir, to see him a peddler—a common peddler—fallen into the sere, like the man he abandoned!"

"Humph! where were they two years ago?"

"At a village not far from Humberston. He had a pretty house, Sir, and sold baskets; and the girl was there too, favored by a great lady—a Marchioness, Sir! Gods!"

"Marchioness?—near Humberston? The Marchioness of Montfort, I suppose."

"Likely enough; I don't remember. All I know is, that two years ago my old clown was my tyrannical manager; and he said to me, with a sneer, 'Old Gentleman Waife, whom you used to bully, and his Juliet Araminta, are in clover.' And the mocking varlet went on to say that when he had last visited Humberston, in the race-week, a young tradesman, who was courting the Columbine, whose young idea I myself taught to shoot on the light fantastic toe, treated that Columbine and one of her sister train (being, indeed, her aunt, who has since come out at the Surrey in *Desdemona*) to a picnic in a fine park. (That's discipline!—ha, ha!) And there, Sir, Columbine and her aunt saw Waife on the other side of a stream by which they sate carousing."

"The clown perhaps said it to spite you."

"Columbine herself confirmed his tale, and said that, on returning to the Village Inn for the Triumphal Car (or bus) which brought them, she asked if a Mr. Waife dwelt thereabouts, and was told, 'Yes, with his grand-daughter.' And she went on asking, till all came out as the clown reported. And Columbine had not even the gratitude, the justice, to expose that villain—not even to say he had been my perfidious servant! She had the face to tell me 'she thought it might harm him, and he was a kind old soul.' Sir, a Columbine whose toes I had rapped scores of times before they could be turned out, was below contempt! but when my own clown thus triumphed over me, in parading before my vision the bloated prosperity of mine enemy, it went to my heart like a knife; and we had words on it, Sir, and—I left him to his fate. But a peddler! Gentleman Waife has come to that! The Heavens are just, Sir, and of our pleasant vices, Sir, make instruments that—that—"

"Scourge us," prompted the Hag, severely.

Losely rang the bell; the maid-servant appeared. "My horse and bill. Well, Mr. Rugge, I must quit your agreeable society. I am not overflowing with wealth at this moment, or I would request your acceptance of—"

"The smallest trifle," interrupted the Hag, with her habitual solemnity of aspect.

Losely, who, in his small way, had all the liberality of a Catiline, "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*, drew forth the few silver coins yet remaining to him; and though he must have calculated that, after paying his bill, there could scarcely be three shillings left, he chucked two of them toward the Hag, who, clutching them with a profound courtesy, then handed them to the fallen monarch by her side, with a loyal tear and a quick sob that might have touched the most cynical republican.

In a few minutes more Losely was again on horseback; and as he rode toward Ouzelford, Rugge and his dusty Faithful shambled on in the opposite direction—shambled on, foot-sore and limping, along the wide, wasty, wintry thoroughfare—vanished from the eye, as their fates henceforth from this story. There they go by the white hard mile-stone; farther on, by the trunk of the hedge-row tree, which lies lopped and leafless—cumbering the way-side, till the time come to cast it off to the thronged, dull stack-yard; farther yet, where the ditch widens into yon stagnant pool, with the great dung-heap by its side. There the road turns aslant; the dung-heap hides them. Gone! and not a speck on the Immemorial, Universal Thoroughfare.

CHAPTER V.

No wind so cutting as that which sets in the quarter from which the sun rises.

THE town to which I lend the disguising name of Ouzelford, which in years by-gone was represented by Guy Darrell, and which in years to come may preserve in its municipal hall his effigies in canvas or stone, is one of the handsomest in England. As you approach its suburbs from the London Road it rises clear and wide upon your eye, crowning the elevated table-land upon which it is built; a noble range of prospect on either side, rich with hedge-rows not yet sacrificed to the stern demands of modern agriculture—venerable woodlands, and the green pastures round many a rural thane's frank, hospitable hall; no one Great House banishing from leagues of landscape the abodes of knight and squire, nor menacing, with "the legitimate influence of property," the votes of rebellious burghers. Every where, like finger-posts to heaven, you may perceive the church-towers of rural hamlets embosomed in pleasant valleys, or climbing up gentle slopes. At the horizon the blue fantastic outline of girding hills mingles with the clouds. A famous old cathedral, neighbored by the romantic ivy-grown walls of a ruined castle, soars up from the centre of the town, and dominates the whole survey—calm, as with conscious power. Nearing the town, the villas of merchants and traders, released, perhaps, from business, skirt the road, with trim gardens and shaven lawns. Now the small river, or rather rivulet, of Ouzel, from which the town takes its name, steals out from deep banks covered with brushwood or aged trees, and, widening into brief importance, glides under

the arches of an ancient bridge; runs on, clear and shallow, to refresh low fertile dairy-meadows, dotted with kine; and finally quits the view, as brake and copse close round its narrowing, winding way; and that which, under the city bridge, was an imposing noiseless stream, becomes, amidst rustic solitudes, an insignificant babbling brook.

From one of the largest villas in these charming suburbs came forth a gentleman, middle-aged, and of a very mild and prepossessing countenance. A young lady without a bonnet, but a kerchief thrown over her sleek dark hair, accompanied him to the garden-gate, twining both hands affectionately round his arm, and entreating him not to stand in thorough draughts and catch cold, nor to step into puddles and wet his feet, and to be sure to be back before dark, as there were such shocking accounts in the newspapers of persons robbed and garroted even in the most populous highways; and, above all, not to listen to the beggars in the street, and allow himself to be taken in; and before finally releasing him at the gate she buttoned his great-coat up to his chin, thrust two pellets of cotton into his ears, and gave him a parting kiss. Then she watched him tenderly for a minute or so as he strode on with the step of a man who needed not all those fostering admonitions and coddling cares.

As soon as he was out of sight of the lady and the windows of the villa, the gentleman cautiously unbuttoned his great-coat, and removed the cotton from his ears. "She takes much after her mother, does Anna Maria," muttered the gentleman; "and I am very glad she is so well married."

He had not advanced many paces before, from a branch-road to the right that led to the railway station, when another gentleman, much younger, and whose dress unequivocally bespoke him a minister of our Church, came suddenly upon him. Each with surprise recognized the other.

"What!—Mr. George Morley!"

"Mr. Hartopp!—How are you, my dear Sir?—What brings you so far from home?"

"I am on a visit to my daughter, Anna Maria. She has not been long married—to young Jessop. Old Jessop is one of the principal merchants at Ouzelford—very respectable, worthy family. The young couple are happily settled in a remarkably snug villa—that is it with the portico, not a hundred yards behind us, to the right. Very handsome town, Ouzelford; you are bound to it, of course?—we can walk together. I am going to look at the papers in the City Rooms—very fine rooms these are. But you are straight from London, perhaps, and have seen the day's journals? Any report of the Meeting in aid of Ragged Schools?"

"Not that I know of. I have not come from London this morning, nor seen the papers."

"Oh!—there's a strange-looking fellow following us; but perhaps he is your servant?"

"Not so, but my traveling companion—indeed my guide. In fact, I come to Ouzelford in the faint hope of discovering there a poor old friend of mine, of whom I have long been in search."

"Perhaps the Jessops can help you; they know every body at Ouzelford. But now I meet you thus by surprise, Mr. George, I should very much like to ask your advice on a matter which has been much on my mind the last twenty-four hours, and which concerns a person I contrived to discover at Ouzelford, though I certainly was not in search of him—a person about whom you and I had a conversation a few years ago, when you were staying with your worthy father."

"Eh?" said George, quickly; "whom do you speak of?"

"That singular vagabond who took me in, you remember—called himself Chapman—real name William Losely, a returned convict. You would have it that he was innocent, though the man himself had pleaded guilty on his trial."

"His whole character belied his lips, then. Oh, Mr. Hartopp, that man commit the crime imputed to him!—a planned, deliberate robbery—an ungrateful, infamous breach of trust! That man—*that!*—he who rejects the money he does not earn, even when pressed on him by anxious, imploring friends—he who has now gone voluntarily forth, aged and lonely, to wring his bread from the humblest calling rather than incur the risk of injuring the child with whose existence he had charged himself!—*he* a dark midnight thief! Believe him not, though his voice may say it. To screen, perhaps, some other man, he is telling you a noble lie. But what of him? Have you really seen him, and at Ouzelford?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday. I was in the City Reading-room, looking out of the window. I saw a great white dog in the street below—I knew the dog at once, Sir, though he is disguised by restoration to his natural coat, and his hair is as long as a Peruvian lama's. 'Tis Sir Isaac,' said I to myself; and behind Sir Isaac I saw Chapman, so to call him, carrying a basket with peddler's wares, and, to my surprise, Old Jessop, who is a formal man, with a great deal of reserve and dignity, pompous indeed (but don't let that go farther), talking to Chapman quite affably, and actually buying something out of the basket. Presently Chapman went away, and was soon lost to sight. Jessop comes into the reading-room. 'I saw you,' said I, 'talking to an old fellow with a French dog.' 'Such a good old fellow,' said Jessop; 'has a way about him that gets into your very heart while he is talking. I should like to make you acquainted with him.' 'Thank you for nothing,' said I; 'I should be—taken in.' 'Never fear,' says Jessop, 'he would not take in a fly—the simplest creature.' I own I chuckled at that, Mr. George. 'And does he live here,' said I, 'or is he merely a wandering peddler?' Then Jessop told me that he had seen him for the first time two or three weeks ago, and accosted him rudely, looking on him as a mere tramp; but Chapman answered so well, and showed so many pretty things in his basket, that Jessop soon found himself buying a pair of habit-cuffs for Anna Maria, and in the course of talk it came out, I suppose by a sign, that Chapman was a freemason, and Jessop is an enthusiast in that sort of nonsense, master of a lodge or something, and that was a new attraction. In short, Jessop took a great fancy to him, patronized him, promised him protection, and actually recommended him to a lodging in the cottage of an old widow who lives in the outskirts of the town, and had once been a nurse in the Jessop family. And what do you think Jessop had just bought of this simple creature? A pair of worsted mittens as a present for me; and what is more, I have got them on at this moment—look! neat, I think, and monstrous warm. Now, I have hitherto kept my own counsel. I have not said to Jessop, 'Beware—that is the man who took me in.' But this concealment is a little on my conscience. On the one hand, it seems very cruel, even if the man did once commit a crime, in spite of your charitable convictions to the contrary, that I should be blabbing out his disgrace, and destroying perhaps his livelihood. On the other hand, if he should still be really a rogue, a robber, perhaps dangerous, ought I—ought I—in short—you are a clergyman and a fine scholar, Sir—what ought I to do?"

"My dear Mr. Hartopp, do not vex yourself with this very honorable dilemma of conscience. Let me only find my poor old friend, my benefactor I may call him, and I hope to persuade him, if not to return to the home that waits him, at least to be my guest, or put himself under my care. Do you know the name of the widow with whom he lodges?"

"Yes—Halse; and I know the town well enough to conduct you, if not to the house itself, still to its immediate neighborhood. Pray allow me to accompany you; I should like it very much—for, though you may not think it, from the light way I have been talking of Chapman, I never was so interested in any man, never so charmed by any man; and it has often haunted me at night, thinking that I behaved too harshly to him, and that he was about on the wide world, an outcast, deprived of his little girl, whom he had trusted to me. And I should have ran after him yesterday, or called on him this morning, and said 'Let me serve you,' if it had not been for the severity with which he and his son were spoken of, and I myself rebuked for mentioning their very names, by a man whose opinion I, and indeed all the country, must hold in the highest respect—a man of the finest honor, the weightiest character—I mean Guy Darrell, the great Darrell."

George Morley sighed. "I believe Darrell knows nothing of the elder Losely, and is prejudiced against him by the misdeeds of the younger, to whose care you (and I can not blame you, for I also was instrumental to the same transfer, which might have proved calamitously fatal) surrendered the poor motherless girl."

"She is not with her grandfather now? She lives still, I hope? She was very delicate."

"She lives—she is safe. Ha—take care!"

These last words were spoken as a horseman, riding fast along the road toward the bridge that was now close at hand, came, without warning or heed, so close upon our two pedestrians, that George Morley had but just time to pluck Hartopp aside from the horse's hoofs.

"An impudent, careless, ruffianly fellow, indeed!" said the mild Hartopp, indignantly, as he brushed from his sleeve the splash of dirt which the horseman bequeathed to it. "He must be drunk!"

The rider, gaining the bridge, was there detained at the toll-bar by some carts and wagons, and the two gentlemen passed him on the bridge, looking with some attention at his gloomy, unobservant countenance, and the powerful frame on which, despite coarse garments and the change wrought by years of intemperate excess, was still visible the trace of that felicitous symmetry once so admirably combining Herculean strength with elastic elegance. Entering the town, the rider turned into the yard of the nearest inn. George Morley and Hartopp, followed at a little distance by Morley's traveling companion, Merle, passed on toward the other extremity of the town, and after one or two inquiries for "Widow Halse, Prospect Row," they came to a few detached cottages, very prettily situated on a gentle hill, commanding in front the roofs of the city and the gleaming windows of the great cathedral, with somewhat large gardens in the rear. Mrs. Halse's dwelling was at the extreme end of this Row. The house, however, was shut up; and a woman, who was standing at the door of the neighboring cottage, plaiting straw, informed the visitors that Mrs. Halse was gone out "charing" for the day, and that her lodger, who had his own key, seldom returned before dark, but that at that hour he was pretty sure to be found in the Corn-market or the streets in its vicinity, and offered to send her little boy to discover and "fetch" him. George consulted apart with Merle, and decided on dispatching the cobbler, with the boy for his guide, in quest of the peddler, Merle being of course instructed not to let out by whom he was accompanied, lest Waife, in his obstinacy, should rather abscond than encounter the friends from whom he had fled. Merle, and a curly-headed urchin, who seemed delighted at the idea of hunting up Sir Isaac and Sir Isaac's master, set forth and were soon out of sight. Hartopp and George opened the little garden-gate, and strolled into the garden at the back of the cottage, to seat themselves patiently on a bench beneath an old apple-tree. Here they waited and conversed some minutes, till George observed that one of the casements on that side of the cottage was left open, and, involuntarily rising, he looked in; surveying with interest the room, which, he felt sure at the first glance, must be that occupied by his self-exiled friend: a neat, pleasant little room—a bull-finch in a wicker cage on a ledge within the casement—a flower-pot beside it. Doubtless the window, which faced the southern sun, had been left open by the kind old man in order to cheer the bird and to gladden the plant. Waife's well-known pipe, and a tobacco-pouch worked for him by Sophy's fairy fingers, lay on a table near the fire-place, between casement and door; and George saw with emotion the Bible which he himself had given to the wanderer lying also on the table, with the magnifying-glass which Waife had of late been obliged to employ in reading. Waife's habitual neatness was visible in the aspect of the room. To George it was evident that the very chairs had been arranged by his hand; that his hand had courteously given that fresh coat of varnish to the wretched portrait of a man in blue coat and buff waistcoat, representing, no doubt, the lamented spouse of the hospitable widow. George beckoned to Hartopp to come also and look within; and as the worthy trader peeped over his shoulder, the clergyman said, whisperingly, "Is there not something about a man's home which attests his character?—No 'pleading guilty' here!"

Hartopp was about to answer, when they heard the key turn sharply in the outer door, and had scarcely time to draw somewhat back from the casement when Waife came hurriedly into the room, followed, not by Merle, but by the tall rough-looking horseman whom they had encountered on the road. "Thank Heaven," cried Waife, sinking on a chair, "out of sight, out of hearing now! Now you may speak; now I can listen! Oh, wretched son of my lost angel, whom I so vainly sought to save by the sacrifice of all my claims to the respect of men, for what purpose do you seek me? I have nothing left that you can take away! Is it the child again? See—see—look round—search the house if you will—she is not here."

"Bear with me, if you can, Sir," said Jasper, in tones that were almost meek; "you, at least, can say nothing that I will not bear. But I am in my right when I ask you to tell me, without equivocation or reserve, if Sophy, though not actually within these walls, be near you, in this town or its neighborhood?—in short, still under your protection?"

"Not in this town—nor near it—nor under my protection; I swear."

"Do not swear, father; I have no belief in other men's oaths. I believe your simple word. Now comes my second question—remember I am still strictly in my right—where is she?—and under whose care?"

"I will not say. One reason why I have abandoned the very air she breathes, was, that you might not trace her in tracing me. But she is out of your power again to kidnap and to sell. You might molest, harass, shame her, by proclaiming yourself her father; but regain her into your keeping, cast her to infamy and vice—never, never! She is now with no powerless, miserable convict, for whom Law has no respect. She is now no helpless infant, without a choice, without a will. She is safe from all save the wanton unprofitable effort to disgrace her. Oh, Jasper, Jasper, be human—she is so delicate of frame—she is so sensitive to reproach, so tremulously alive to honor—I—*I* am not fit to be near her now. I have been a tricksome, shifty vagrant, and innocent though I be, the felon's brand is on me! But you, you too, who never loved her, who can not miss her, whose heart is not breaking at her loss, as mine is now—you, *you*—to rise up from the reeking pesthouse in which you have dwelt by choice, and say, 'Descend from God's day with me'—Jasper, Jasper, you will not—you can not; it would be the malignity of a devil!"

"Father, hold!" cried Jasper, writhing and livid; "I owe to you more than I do to that thing of pink and white. I know better than you the trumpery of all those waxen dolls of whom dupes make idols. At each turn of the street you may find them in basketfuls—blue-eyed or black-eyed, just the same worthless flippery or senseless toys; but every man dandling his own doll, whether he call it sweet-heart or daughter, makes the same puling boast that he has an angel of purity in his puppet of wax. Nay, hear me! to that girl I owe nothing. You know what I owe to you. You bid me not seek her, and say, 'I am your father!' Do you think it does not misbecome me more, and can it wound you less, when I come to you, and remind you that I am your son!"

"Jasper!" faltered the old man, turning his face aside, for the touch of feeling toward himself, contrasting the cynicism with which Jasper spoke of other ties not less sacred, took the father by surprise.

"And," continued Jasper, "remembering how you once loved me—with what self-sacrifice you proved that love, it is with a bitter grudge against that girl that I see her thus take that place in your affection which was mine—and you so indignant against me if I even presume to approach her. What! I have the malignity of a devil because I would not quietly lie down in yonder kennels to starve, or sink into the grade of those whom your daintier thief disdains; spies into unguarded areas, or cowardly skulkers by blind walls; while in the paltry girl, who you say is so well provided for, I see the last and sole resource which may prevent you from being still more degraded, still more afflicted by your son."

"What is it you want? Even if Sophy were in your power, Darrell would not be more disposed to enrich or relieve you. He will never believe your tale, nor deign even to look into its proofs."

"He might at last," said Jasper, evasively. "Surely with all that wealth, no nearer heir than a remote kinsman in the son of a beggared spendthrift by a linen-draper's daughter—he should need a grandchild more than you do. Yet the proofs you speak of convinced yourself; *you* believe my tale."

"Believe—yes, for that belief was every thing in the world to me! Ah, remember how joyously, when my term of sentence expired, I hastened to seek you at Paris, deceived by the rare letters with which you had deigned to cheer me—fondly dreaming that, in expiating your crime, I should have my reward in your redemption—should live to see you honored, honest, good—live to think your mother watched us from heaven with a smile on both—and that we should both join her at last—you purified by my atonement! Oh, and when I saw you so sunken, so hardened, exulting in vice as in a glory—bravo and partner in a gambler's hell—or, worse still, living on the plunder of miserable women, even the almsman of that vile Desmarets—my son, my son, my lost Lizzy's son blotted out of my world forever!—then, then I should have died if you had not said, boasting of the lie which had wrung the gold from Darrell, 'But the child lives still.' Believed you—oh yes, yes!—for in that belief something was still left to me to cherish, to love, to live for!"

Here the old man's hurried voice died away in a passionate sob; and the direful son, all reprobate though he was, slid from his chair, and bowed himself at his father's knee, covering his face with fell hands that trembled. "Sir, Sir," he said, in broken, reverential accents, "do not let me see you weep. You can not believe me, but I say solemnly that, if there be in me a single remnant of affection for any human being, it is for you. When I consented to leave you to bear the sentence which should have fallen on myself, sure I am that I was less basely selfish than absurdly vain. I fancied myself so born to good fortune!—so formed to captivate some rich girl!—and that you would return to share wealth with me; that the evening of your days would be happy; that you would be repaid by my splendor for your own disgrace! And when I did marry, and did ultimately get from the father-in-law who spurned me the capital of his daughter's fortune, pitifully small though it was compared to my expectations, my first idea was to send half of that sum to you. But—but—I was living with those who thought nothing so silly as a good intention—nothing so bad as a good action. That mocking she-devil, Gabrielle, too! Then the witch's spell of that d—d green table! Luck against one—wait! double the capital ere you send the half. Luck with one—how balk the tide? how fritter the capital just at the turn of doubling? Soon it grew irksome even to think of you; yet still, when I did, I said, 'Life is long; I shall win riches; he shall share them some day or other!'—*Basta, basta!*—what idle twaddle or hollow brag all this must seem to you!"

"No," said Waife, feebly—and his hand drooped till it touched Jasper's bended shoulder, but, at the touch, recoiled as with an electric spasm.

"So, as you say, you found me at Paris. I told you where I had placed the child, not conceiving that Arabella would part with her, or you desire to hamper yourself with an encumbrance—nay, I took for granted that you would find a home, as before, with some old friend or country cousin; but fancying that your occasional visits to her might comfort you, since it seemed to please you so much when I said she lived. Thus we parted—you, it seems, only anxious to save that child from ever falling into my hands or those of Gabrielle Desmarets; I hastening to forget all but the riotous life round me, till—"

"Till you came back to England to rob from me the smile of the only face that I knew would never wear contempt, and to tell the good man with whom I thought she had so safe a shelter that I was a convicted robber, by whose very love her infancy was sullied. Oh Jasper! Jasper!"

"I never said that—never thought of saying it. Arabella Crane did so, with the reckless woman-will, to gain her object. But I did take the child from you. Why? Partly because I needed money so much that I would have sold a hecatomb of children for half what I was offered to bind the girl to a service that could not be very dreadful, since yourself had first placed her there—and partly because you had shrunk, it seems, from appealing to old friends; you were living, like myself, from hand to mouth; what could that child be to you but a drag and a bother?"

"And you will tell me, I suppose," said Waife, with an incredulous bitter irony, that seemed to wither himself in venting it, so did his whole frame recoil and shrink—"you will tell me that it was from the same considerate tenderness that you would have again filched her from me some months later, to place her with that 'she-devil' who was once more by your side, to be reared and sold to—oh horror!—horror!—unimaginable horror!—that pure, helpless infant!—you, armed with the name of father!—you, strong in that mighty form of man!"

"What do you mean? Oh, I remember now! When Gabrielle was in London, and I had seen you on the Bridge. Who could have told you that I meant to get the child from you at that time?"

Waife was silent. He could not betray Arabella Crane; and Jasper looked perplexed and thoughtful. Then gradually the dreadful nature of his father's accusing word seemed to become more clear to him; and he cried, with a fierce

start and a swarthy flush, "But whoever told you that I harbored the design that it whitens your lip to hint at, lied, and foully. Harkye, Sir! many years ago Gabrielle had made acquaintance with Darrell, under another name, as Matilda's friend (long story now—not worth telling); he had never, I believe, discovered the imposture. Just at the time you refer to, I heard that Darrell had been to France, inquiring himself into facts connected with my former story that Matilda's child was dead. That very inquiry seemed to show that he had not been so incredulous of my assertions of Sophy's claims on him as he had affected to be when I urged them. He then went on into Italy. Talking this over with Gabrielle, she suggested that, if the child could be got into her possession, she would go with her in search of Darrell, resuming the name in which she had before known him—resuming the title and privilege of Matilda's friend. In that character he might listen to her when he would not to me. She might confirm my statement—melt his heart—coax him into terms. She was the cleverest creature! I should have sold Sophy, it is true. For what? A provision to place me above want and crime. Sold her to whom? To the man who would see in her his daughter's child—rear her to inherit his wealth—guard her as his own honor. What! was this the design that so shocks you? *Basta—basta!* Again, I say Enough! I never thought I should be so soft as to mutter excuses for what I have done. And if I do so now, the words seem forced from me against my will—forced from me, as if in seeing you I was again but a wild, lawless, willful boy, who grieved to see you saddened by his faults, though he forgot his grief the moment you were out of sight."

"Oh Jasper," cried Waife, now fairly placing his hand on Jasper's guilty head, and fixing his bright soft eye, swimming in tears, on that downcast, gloomy face, "you repent! you repent! Yes; call back your BOYHOOD! call it back! Let it stand before you, now, visible, palpable! Lo! I see it! Do not you? Fearless, joyous Image! Wild, lawless, willful, as you say! Wild from exuberant life; lawless as a bird is free, because air is boundless to untried, exulting wings; willful from the ease with which the bravery and beauty of Nature's radiant Darling forced way for each jocund whim through our yielding hearts! Silence! It is there! I see it, as I saw it rise in the empty air when guilt and ignominy first darkened round you; and my heart cried aloud, 'Not on him, not on him—not on that glorious shape of hope and promise—on me, whose life, useless hitherto, has lost all promise now—on me let fall the shame!' And my lips obeyed my heart, and I said, 'Let the laws' will be done—I am the guilty man!' Cruel—cruel one! Was that sunny Boyhood then so long departed from you? On the verge of youth, and you such maturity in craft and fraud—that when you stole into my room that dark winter eve, threw yourself at my feet, spoke but of thoughtless debts, and the fears that you should be thrust from an industrious honest calling, and I—I said—'No, no; fear not; the head of your firm likes you; he has written to me; I am trying already to raise the money you need; it shall be raised, no matter what it cost me; you shall be saved; my Lizzy's son shall never know the soil of a prison; shun temptation henceforth; be but honest, and I shall be repaid!' What! even *then* you you were coldly meditating the crime that will make my very grave dishonored!"

"Meditating—not so! How could I? Not till after what had thus passed between us, when you spoke with such indulgent kindness, did I even know that I might more than save myself—by moneys—not raised at risk and loss to you! Remember, you had left me in the inner room, while you went forth to speak with Gunston. There I overheard him talk of notes he had never counted, and might never miss; describe the very place where they were kept; and then the idea came to me irresistibly; 'better rob him than despoil my own generous father.' Sir, I am not pretending to be better than I was. I was not quite the novice you supposed. Coveting pleasures or shows not within my reach, I had shrunk from draining you to supply the means; I had not had the same forbearance for the superfluous wealth of others. I had learned with what simple tools old locks may fly open; and none had ever suspected me, so I had no fear of danger, small need of premeditation; a nail on your mantlepiece, the cloven end of the hammer lying beside, to crook it when hot from the fire that blazed before me! I say this to show you that I did not come provided; nothing was planned beforehand; all was the project and work of the moment. Such was my haste, I burned myself to the bone with the red iron—feeling no pain, or rather, at that age, bearing all pain without wincing. Before Gunston left you my whole plan was then arranged—my sole instrument fashioned. You groan. But how could I fancy that there would be detection? How imagine that, even if moneys never counted *were* missed, suspicion could fall on you—a better gentleman than he whom you served? And had it not been for that accursed cloak which you so fondly wrapped round me, when I set off to catch the night-train back to ——; if it had not been, I say, for that cloak, there could have been no evidence to criminate either you or me—except that unlucky £5 note, which I pressed on you when we met at ——, where I was to hide till you had settled with my duns. And why did I press it on you?—because you had asked me if I had wherewithal about me on which to live meanwhile; and I, to save you from emptying your own purse, said, 'Yes;' showed you some gold, and pressed on you the bank-note, which I said I could not want—to go, in small part, toward my debts; it was a childish, inconsistent wish to please you; and you seemed so pleased to take it as a proof that I cared for you."

JACK IN A TIGHT PLACE.—[*See next Page.*]

"For me!—no, no; for honor—for honor—for honor! I thought you cared for honor; and the proof of that care was, thrusting into these credulous hands the share of your midnight plunder!"

"Sir," resumed Jasper, persisting in the same startling combination of feeling, gentler and more reverential than could have been supposed to linger in his breast, and of the moral obtuseness that could not, save by vanishing glimpses, distinguish between crime and its consequences—between dishonor and detection—"Sir, I declare that I never conceived that I was exposing you to danger; nay, I meant, out of the money I had taken, to replace to you what you were about to raise, as soon as I could invent some plausible story of having earned it honestly. Stupid notions and clumsy schemes, as I now look back on them; but, as you say, I had not long left boyhood, and fancying myself deep and knowing, was raw in the craft I had practiced. *Basta! basta! basta!*"

Jasper, who had risen from his knees while speaking, here stamped heavily on the floor, as if with anger at the heart-stricken aspect of his silenced father; and continued with a voice that seemed struggling to regain its old imperious, rollicking, burly swell.

"What is done can not be undone. Fling it aside, Sir—look to the future; you with your peddler's pack, I with my empty pockets! What can save you from the workhouse—me from the hulks or gibbet? I know not unless the persons sheltering that girl will buy me off by some provision which may be shared between us. Tell me, then, where she is; leave me to deal in the business as I best may. Pooh! why so scared? I will neither terrify nor kidnap her. I will shuffle off the crust of blackguard that has hardened round me. I will be sleek and smooth, as if I were still the exquisite Lothario—copied by would-be rufflers, and spoiled by willing beauties. Oh, I can still play the gentleman, at least for an hour or two, if it be worth my while. Come, Sir, come; trust me; out with the secret of this hidden maiden, whose interests should surely weigh not more with you than those of a starving son. What, you will not? Be it so. I suspect that I know where to look for her—on what noble thresholds to set my daring foot; what fair lady, mindful of former days—of girlish friendship—of virgin love—wraps in compassionate luxury Guy Darrell's rejected heiress! Ah, your looks tell me that I am hot on the scent. That fair lady I knew of old; she is rich—I helped to make her so. She owes me something. I will call and remind her of it. And—tut, Sir, tut—you shall not go to the workhouse, nor I to the hulks."

Here the old man, hitherto seated, rose—slowly, with feebleness and effort—till he gained his full height; then age, infirmity, and weakness seemed to vanish. In the erect head, the broad massive chest, in the whole presence there was dignity—there was power.

"Hark to me, unhappy reprobate, and heed me well! To save that child from the breath of disgrace—to place her in what you yourself assured me were her rights amidst those in whose dwellings I lost the privilege to dwell when I took to myself your awful burden—I thought to resign her charge forever in this world. Think not that I will fly her now, when you invade. No—since my prayers will not move you—since my sacrifice to you has been so fruitless—since my absence from herself does not attain its end; there, where you find her, shall you again meet me! And if there we meet, and you come with the intent to destroy her peace and blast her fortune, then I, William Losely, am no more the felon. In the face of day I will proclaim the truth, and say, 'Robber, change place in earth's scorn with me; stand in the dock, where thy father stood in vain to save thee!'"

"Bah, Sir—too late now; who would listen to you?"

"All who have once known me—all will listen. Friends of power and station will take up my cause. There will be fresh inquiry into facts that I held back—evidence that, in pleading guilty, I suppressed—ungrateful one—to ward away suspicion from you."

"Say what you will," said Jasper, swaying his massive form to and fro, with a rolling gesture which spoke of cold defiance, "I am no hypocrite in fair repute whom such threats would frighten. If you choose to thwart me in what I always held my last resource for meat and drink, I must stand in the dock even, perhaps, on a heavier charge than one so stale. Each for himself; do your worst—what does it matter?"

"What does it matter that a father should accuse his son! No, no—son, son, son—this must not be!—Let it not be!—let me complete my martyrdom! I ask no reversal of man's decree, except before the Divine Tribunal. Jasper, Jasper—child of my love, spare the sole thing left to fill up the chasms in the heart that you laid waste. Speak not of starving, or of fresh crime. Stay—share this refuge! I WILL WORK FOR BOTH!"

Once more, and this time thoroughly, Jasper's hideous levity and coarse bravado gave way before the lingering human sentiment knitting him back to childhood, which the sight and voice of his injured father had called forth with spasms and throes, as a seer calls the long-buried from a grave. And as the old man extended his arms pleadingly toward him, Jasper, with a gasping sound—half groan, half sob—sprang forward, caught both the hands in his own strong grasp, lifted them to his lips, kissed them, and then, gaining the door with a rapid stride, said, in hoarse broken tones, "Share your refuge! no—no—I should break your heart downright did you see me daily—hourly as I am! You work for both!—you—you!" His voice stopped, choked for a brief moment, then hurried on: "As for that girl—you—you—you are—but no matter, I will try to obey you—will try to wrestle against hunger, despair, and thoughts that whisper sinking men with devil's tongues. I will try—I will try; if I succeed not, keep your threat—accuse me—give me up to justice—clear yourself; but if you would crush me more than by the heaviest curse, never again speak to me with such dreadful tenderness! Cling not to me, old man; release me, I say; there—there—off. Ah! I did not hurt you? Brute that I am—you bless me—you—you! And I dare not bless again! Let me go—let me go—let me go!" He wrenched himself away from his father's clasp—drowning with loud tone his father's pathetic soothings—out of the house—down the hill—lost to sight in the shades of the falling eve.

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

MACK JONES IN TWO ADVENTURES.

I.

A FIGHT IN WHICH BOTH PARTIES WERE VANQUISHED, OR, "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

ONE would have to examine many specimens of his race before he could find such another sample of humanity as Mack Jones. His height was six feet seven inches under the standard, and weight only 160 lbs.!

Never did such length of bone carry so little flesh before. He always boasted he was in full training for running or fighting.

It was said, by some who knew him from infancy, he had joints like a camel between the hips and knees. The accuracy of this statement is not well vouched, but one thing is certain, his gait was very much like the hind legs of that ungainly animal in motion. The most striking thing about him, out of the general order of nature, was the unusual length of his arms and fingers. When the former were extended downward, with palms open, the latter would reach his knees. He could, with ease, put his wrist on his knee, and touch his big toe with his middle finger.

His face, by no means handsome, had a great deal of good-natured expression, exhibiting, also, an uncommon degree of cunning and shrewdness. It was an excellent index to his character, as all his acquaintances would willingly have testified.

He was kind hearted, and, at times, liberal to profligacy; yet, when necessary, he had large capacity for raising the needful. He was eminently characterized for great self-possession, and always seemed perfectly at home in any company and any where.

He was standing, one evening, between dusk and dark, in the main street of a small village (which need not be named), surrounded by a group of thoughtless, laughter-loving young men, who were amusing themselves at the striking hits of dry humor with which Jones's conversation on such occasions usually abounded. While the crowd was thus being amused, there approached, very unceremoniously, an individual who gave unmistakable evidence of hostile feeling toward the tall gentleman.

John Jack—for such was the name of the intruder—was the hotel keeper of the village, was of common size, with bony, angular features, clear complexion, and uncommonly hard honest face—possessed great excitability of temper and mind,

MACK JONES'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE GOURDS.—[*See next Page.*]

fearless when aroused, and ready to fight at the least shadow of offense.

And what was remarkable, notwithstanding the numberless fisticuffs in which he engaged, he always came off second best—never had been victorious in a solitary battle. He was a glorious fellow, though. Fifty winters had not chilled in the least the gushing fount of youthful feeling, which vivifies us all when young. In things touching the heart Jack never grew old; time had imprinted some wrinkles about the sharp points of his face, but had utterly failed to make any impression on the inner man. When left to his tastes, he associated altogether with young men.

Such a disposition, and a couple of beautiful and lovely daughters, made him uncommonly popular with the young bucks about town. His voice was peculiar; ordinarily, it was fine and whining; but when he was enraged, it resembled, in tone, the growl of a tom-cat about to engage in fight.

Rushing up to Jones, he commenced, in a decidedly angry manner, as follows: "Mack, you have got to do one of three things: pay me, fight me, or take a foot-race!"

"I wouldn't make a fool of myself if I was in your place," replied Jones. "Samson was powerful, and Solomon sharp; but neither of them, I calculate, could fork over the rhino unless he had it about him. I am out, at this present juncture, therefore can't respond. We have been friends too long to fight on such small pints of difference; and although I am a coward, with good locomotive powers, sha'n't run."

With an oath, Jack pitched at him on hearing his answer to his propositions; Mack coolly and suddenly, with his long hand, caught him by the throat; then stretching his arm to the fullest extent behind him, and, leaning forward, threw his adversary so far in his rear, the latter, with his fists, could scarcely reach the least vulnerable part of Mack's person.

"Hurrah Jack! hurrah Jack! give it to him, Jack!" shouted all the by-standers.

Mack knew he had no friends, and, to throw the crowd on the wrong scent, commenced crying, "'Nuff! Part us! Take him away!"

"Hurrah, Jack! give it to him!" was the only response.

Jack's blows soon grew faint, and suddenly ceased, when he fell on his knees. "Boys, he is choking Jack to death!" shouted Ned Wood.—[*See engraving on preceding page.*]

Instantly they were separated, when it was soon discovered Wood was not far wrong. Jack's face was as purple as blood could make it; and his tongue protruded some inches.

It was some time before he was able to speak, but when breath and utterance returned, he turned loose on the young men, with a fine whining tone: "You are a nice set of friends, hallooing 'hurrah Jack! hurrah Jack!' and seeing a man choked to death! You heard the man halloo. Why couldn't you part us then? I suppose you wanted to make us fight until we both hallooed. When I was raised, when one cried out, 'That would do!' you saw I couldn't have hallooed to have saved my life; he had a tight grip on my goozle—had turned my stop-pipe, and come mighty nigh running my engine. Nice friends, indeed! What more did you want me to do after the man hallooed? I have fought through six States, and he is the first man I ever made halloo, and got badly whipped myself, at that, and friends all around too! Blast such luck."

Here one of the young men interposed, and said he ought not to think hard of them; they really supposed he was whipping Jones badly.

"Yes, very badly; he had me so fixed, there was no part of him in ten feet of me I could have hurt. I never was so near the *seat*, and, at the same time, so far from the *scene* of action in any fight before. I would as soon fight a thirty-foot overshot wheel in full motion, as the long-armed ape! If I ever fight him again, it will be with 'hollow-ware and cutlery,' certain. And if you are my friends, and any one of you have a good revolver (I don't want any but a good one, else he will hold me beyond its carrying distance), I will give him another turn."

At this suggestion, Jones's tall figure was seen gliding swiftly down the street, through the now darkening twilight.

II.

AN AQUATIC ADVENTURE.

A few evenings after the fight of such singular termination, a number of gentlemen were enjoying the agreeable and exhilarating luxury of bathing, so common to Southern latitudes in the summer months.

The sheet of water known as "Walker's Mill-Pond" had been selected for their ablutions. A more lovely and enticing spot in hot and sultry weather could not be imagined.

A large spring was the sole tributary to this pool of fresh and living water. Gushing from beneath a huge rock on an elevated chain of hills, it makes its way through gorges and over slight precipices until it reaches the first even surface, where it finds the rock dam, making a body of clear and limpid water, some hundred yards in length, sixty feet wide, and six deep. This sheet of crystal is situated on the side of a long slope, considerably above the valley below, fringed with willows, rich evergreens, and surrounded by a border of huge trees, whose foliage, at the time we write, excluded almost every ray of the sun at meridian. But this luminary had gone down behind the western hills, casting an unbroken shadow not only on the beautiful reservoir but the whole circumjacent hill-side. This moment had been selected as the most fit and proper for bathing. Among the crowd, in all his tall proportions, stood Mack Jones, ready for the cooling element. One by one, all plunged in but him. What a strange sensation we experience on entering a cold bath! As the chilling fluid surrounds and extracts the caloric from our bodies how disposed we are to cry out, make a strange noise, catching our breath at short intervals!

Every one loudly and vociferously called on Jones to plunge in—declared it was glorious! delightful! etc. "I can't swim a lick; am pretty good to wade, but have several times presumed too much on my altitude, and stepped beyond what was wholesome," said Jones. "Oh, come on! no danger here; no place in the whole pond over your head!" After repeated assurance, and ocular demonstration that he would be safe in entering, Jones fell in with a splash resembling that made by a good-sized tree. His companions expressed unfeigned surprise that one so old as he was, and had traveled so much, had never learned so indispensable an art. "I have been trying, off and on, all my life to learn, but can't come it—never could keep up head and feet at the same time; have tried it dog-fashion, on my side, back, and every way; and when one end would come up the other would go down in spite of me! I don't think I was made to circulate in deep water; swimming is the only thing I ever proved insolvent on!" About this time a boy approached with two huge gourds, each quite equal in size to a half-bushel measure. He had attached to their handles large buckskin straps to tie them under his arms, to use as a life-preserver, and at the same time aid him in learning to swim. Some one suggested to Jones if he would tie the gourds to his feet they would keep up that end, and all he would have to do would be to keep up his head with his hands. "I am surprised I never had philosophy to think of it before; it's just the very idea!" He soon borrowed the gourds and straps, and soon two gentlemen had each float tied so fast to each foot that no sort of fair kicking could disengage them. At his request two of his friends floated him out, by holding up his head, into the middle of the pond. As he lay on the surface, supported by one on each side, his legs resembled poles with martin gourds on them! "I am satisfied I can navigate now; just know it; have a power in my feet to keep on top at that end never felt before; bound to float unanimously once any how! Fair fight, gentlemen! no man touch! all hands stand back!" shouted Jones. Each man who supported him let go, and stepped suddenly back. With an inexpressible, wild look, he made in quickest succession three or four swimming motions with his arms; then, spouting out of his mouth about a pint of water, every thing disappeared but the gourds! These, as his head sunk beneath the surface, flew suddenly about ten feet apart, and as quickly came in contact again. Never before or since did two gourds perform exactly such gyrations! There was no power below to draw either under the water; but occasionally one of Jones's legs might be seen about two feet above the water, with a gourd on it.—[*See engraving on preceding page.*] Discovering no one was coming to his aid; that every one determined it should be a "fair fight;" he commenced crawling with his hands on the bottom to the other side. The gourds ceased their strange motions, moving as gently on the surface as two summer ducks. Just before he reached the shore the bubbles began to rise, showing that he was imbibing the fluid in considerable quantity. But Mack was a traveler by "field and by flood;" so he crawled out. So soon as his head rose above the water he commenced cascading, and discharged no small portion of the mill-pond. His companions rushed over in a body, and inquired most vociferously why in the world he didn't use his arms? "Ah!" said he, as he wiped his face with one of his long, bony hands, "if I hadn't used my arms, and that durned faithfully, I never could have got here! I would be out there now [pointing to the centre of the pond], *snolus bolus*, with the forked eend up, sloshing about; and you would have let the martins build nest in these confounded gourds before you would have pulled me out!" Here he made an effort to break the strings by which they were attached to his feet. Buckskin was too strong, the knot too tight; a knife was in requisition to disengage them. "Foot loose once more!" he exclaimed, as he walked around the side of the pond where he had deposited his clothes, resembling a crane that had shed his last feather.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

SOME one has demanded—I really forget who—how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself "plowed with Behmen's heifer;" and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophizing shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor, honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop, during the relation, to say over to himself, or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For if, as a certain spasmodic poet has said, we are to count life by heart-throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honors, privileges, and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burned a *little* less fiercely. For, although her mistress never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—because the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant's life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of "Thou shalt not." Every thing that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like a flaming sword, to keep off Anne's eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs. Darah, having never—she thanked goodness!—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers: she found both expensive, but the latter the worse; for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers' were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years' steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being twenty, and he twenty-five.

During these years of courtship they had both worked very hard and saved some money. William's situation was as good as his sweet-heart's was unpromising. Indeed he always thought, and almost hoped, too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent upon him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow every thing on her, and receive nothing from her in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded wife.

But the long self-reliance of his sweet-heart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that "if she had thousands he should like her none the better." She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker's heiress, she would do what she could toward enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stocking for her few, far-between, and hardly-earned guineas. When William talked of any thing he had bought, or contemplated buying, the loving maiden inwardly smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected additions to his comfort and pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweet-heart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

IT so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bans, that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

"You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss," she said. "You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed—now, you will find your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—*I* am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again."

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs. Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last.

"I am sure, missus," she said, "I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses."

"It is no more than your duty, Anne," answered the lady, with a gratified smile and folding of the hands.

"No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, ma'am, would you be so very kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?" And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

"Anne Moss, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house," answered her mistress. "I have always warned you of the folly and unfitness of young women, who have their living to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows." So the girl left, dispirited.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her William and herself. So she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the dissipation of her little capital—began the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a carrier; and that involved a dip into "William's money," as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was situated, his boyhood began to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and perspired greatly, and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavored to stimulate himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his unconscious compression and biting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them: she could not endure to see him so vexed and inconvenienced; and so, for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter results of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping; her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her stay was to last only a week, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had prepared some twopenny or three-halfpenny sausages, which were even then figuring in her mind's bill of fare at sixpence apiece. In rather a disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow any thing. The landlady said she had some beautiful new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfully cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that, if any of her neighbors were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and did not doubt her landlady's possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also resolute—no one could persuade her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out shopping, and beg her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweet-heart had removed.

But, when the morning came, she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and rambling wildly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where she came from, nor what connections she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time which she could keep her and a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Anne's little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

UNHAPPY William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place he was walking up and down before the house in his usual manner, hemming and coughing. He had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs. Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Anne was mischievously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time she should do so forever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered above the blind; no round head gave him a series of short, sharp nods, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

"Well," he said to himself, "she is now more mine than her mistress's; I will knock at the door." He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs. Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his

Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs. Darah's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying that "if they only laid their heads together for five minutes they were sure to corrupt each other." William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the miserable man sottish and maundering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and as incapable of giving any clew to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Annie to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs. Darah's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found them gone; he had arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicion.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweet-heart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, good or bad. Sometimes he felt that even bad news would be better than none, for the hope of any *good* explanation of her marvelous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men in one of the shops he was wont to call at began to speculate upon his case. When he entered they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive *what was what*: she had jilted him; but he was too great a booby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest *this* explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such scorn and passion, with such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished, and he spent his time mainly in traveling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he went about all business poorly, with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love toward him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every boot and shoe in his shop, held in his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household of which she was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

At last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health. But she was quite penniless. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawnbroker's for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud lass, to send after William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, at one house and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any other help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and by doing so kept peace from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She would then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the story of her savings, and the sad way in which it was lost, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Whenever she had found any thing broken, instead of standing over it crying, she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She kept her mind fixed upon their restoration. This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in her servile work. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself, "To *think* would destroy me; I shall never be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state."

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might excite her—the truth of her own loss, the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the realization of his sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment the echo of her sigh struck athwart her consciousness, she arrested herself. "This will not do," she would say; "it will be all the better afterward; our happiness will more than make up for our misery." She never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly analyzed or probed these ill-digested, hasty deductions. If she had done so, she would have espied a monstrous residuum of "proper pride" underlying all the other elements of her reluctance to see William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt, and despair she was sowing in the true heart of her William. When that Quakerly impulse sprung up in her she scrubbed, or walked, or hummed more vigorously; if a tear for William started into her eye she used it as mercilessly as her sighs, and brushed it hurriedly away. She felt that if she looked at the present she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end before her that she could find spirit and moral sinew for work. And while she was at work her efforts raised a dust round her which hid every thing but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? What was the end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would William love her the less for having suffered and lost all? Would he love her the less for having but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better; she knew that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the thought was a delightful one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. The draught gave her stimulus for her work. In a few weeks she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her standing debts.

William, in the mean time, not having, like Anne, any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement, and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him—gone by forever. And even that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden worth. It had been no *true* possession. It was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth, by trusting in heartless and well-acted deceit. Before him, he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worryingly on the *causes* of Anne's strange departure, until by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark foggy night, going from the station to his home, after a dull day, all through which his body had been taken up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have ventured on oath it was her. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog.—The other glimpse he had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. "Whose is she now? What relation to those she chooses in preference to me?" He went home with these thoughts burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave, hard battle with his suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses rose to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, slinking and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but turning suddenly in a more crowded thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rags, perhaps, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save, or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of every thing—shop, and house, and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colors?

He pushed by them, answering: "Oh, any how."

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that any how was always wrong. One of them advised oak.

"I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand."

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while he said to William:

"Have you seen the person in the parlor, Sir?"

"What person? No," said he.

"There was one came for you an hour ago," said the lad, "and she told me she should wait until you came in."

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen, and implements, and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window between the shop and parlor, Anne has been watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that *she* had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

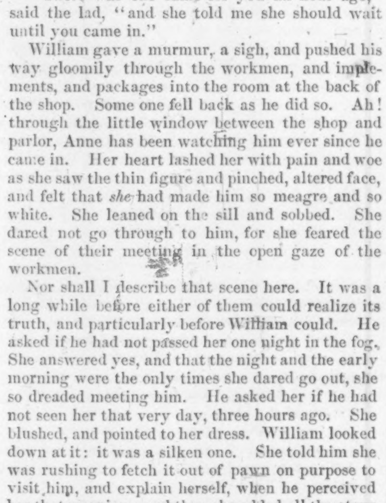
Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realize its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not passed her one night in the fog. She answered yes, and that the night and the early morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it: it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, "just for vanity's sake," he would not listen to, but demanded as the only penance that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM V.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in five moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. L. You must really excuse us. For our own errors we are responsible; for those of others we must be held harmless.——C. M. S. Quite unintelligible. How can King take King?——V. A. (Cincinnati). Solution quite correct; also those sent by C. T., L. M., D. C., T. G. W., A. O. W., and W. M. R.——T. F. S., Jun. You are on file for consideration; also C. T. and L. R.——L. Lloyd (Florence). Trebly welcome. You will hear from us next week.——T. J. M. (Bridgeport). The question mooted is one *vexed*. Our own opinion is that a Pawn advanced to the eighth square may or may not be promoted, at the option of the player.——J. L. We print the Problem which you inclose, and will give solution next week. In the mean time, you may rest assured that the mate can be given within the stipulated number of moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IV.

	WHITE.	BLACK.
1.	Q to K 3 (ch)	K to K 4
2.	Q to Q 4 (ch)	K to B 5 (best)
3.	R to B 3 (ch)	K to Kt 4 (best)
4.	R takes P (ch)	K takes R (best)
5.	Q takes K P (ch)	K to Kt 4
6.	Q to Kt 4 (ch)	K moves
7.	Q mates	

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Nov.* 8, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been freely supplied with Flour, which has been in fair demand at, however, reduced prices. Wheat and Corn have been held higher; hence they have been less active. Barley has been moderately dealt in at somewhat firmer rates. Oats have been in good request, and have advanced....Cotton has been depressed, and prices have declined....Provisions have been more sought after, closing firmly at our revised quotations....Groceries have been in fair demand, and Sugars have increased in value....The current movements in Dry Goods are limited. Stocks are moderate of really desirable fabrics. These are generally stiffly held. Other descriptions are plenty and depressed. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $912,933 against $555,046 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $52,575,707 against $86,175,439 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 00	@	$3 75
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 00	@	4 70
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Extra Western, per barrel	4 40	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 80	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 70	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 00	@	9 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 15	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
White Wheat, per bushel	1 13	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	69	@	1 22
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	73	@	75
Rye, per bushel	70	@	75
Barley, per bushel	69	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel	51	@	53
State Oats, per bushel	47	@	50
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	42	@	46
Southern Oats, per bushel	38	@	43
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 25	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 75	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 50	@	9 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10¼	@	11
State Butter, per pound	15	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	17
Cheese, per pound	5½	@	8¾
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 87
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	21	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	33	@	45
Hyson Teas, per pound	26	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	—
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	15
Hops, per pound, 1857	4	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	45	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	—	@	—
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@	2 50
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 60	@	1 65
Linseed Oil, per gallon	63	@	65
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	30	@	52
" Pulled Wool	30	@	40

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Oct.* 27.	Week ending *Nov.* 3.
Beeves	4,293	5,656
Milch Cows	212	225
Veal Calves	595	796
Sheep and Lambs	10,729	10,596
Swine	10,346	12,762

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	6 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been well stocked, and have been moderately active. Prices have not varied much.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 25	@	$ 3 50
Pears, " "	4 00	@	20 00
Grapes, per pound	5	@	13
Quinces, per barrel	2 25	@	6 00
Citron, per 100	1 00	@	3 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Beans, per bushel	75	@	—
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 00	@	2 25
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbage, per 100	1 00	@	4 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 50
Cranberries, per barrel	7 50	@	14 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Spinach, per barrel	37	@	50
Tomatoes, per bushel	75	@	—
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	4 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	3 50	@	6 00
Salad, per dozen heads	20	@	30
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	20	@	22
Eggs, Western, per dozen	19	@	20
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	4 00
Partridge, per pair	56	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 26
Venison, per pound	9	@	12

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 8, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 6, 1858	$2,652,317	$1,252,200
Corresponding week, 1857	1,621,059	1,864,553
Increase	$1,031,258	
Decrease		$612,353

The export of specie was insignificant. The flow of specie to the South, however, continues, and the banks certainly hold less to-day than they did last Monday, though estimates as to the amount of their reserve vary as much as two millions of dollars. Money is unchanged in price, the effort of the banks to raise it having failed. Foreign Exchange has fallen below the specie shipping point.

Stocks are lower and dull, the speculative flurry of the past fortnight having collapsed. The following table will exhibit the decline during the week:

	Oct. 30.	Nov. 6.
Missouri 6's	89⅜	89⅛
New York Central	86¼	83¾
Erie	16¾	16
Hudson River	33¾	32
Reading	52½	51⅛
Panama	121½	119
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	54½	52¾
Michigan Central	58¼	55
Galena	80⅜	75¾
Rock Island	68¼	65⅛
Illinois Central	87	83¾
Pacific Mail	106¾	106¼

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE:
Exhibition of
F. E. CHURCH'S GREAT ORIGINAL PAINTING OF
NIAGARA
and
T. J. BARKER'S "IL CORSO,"
(The Race Course at Rome during the Carnival.)
WILLIAMS, STEVENS, WILLIAMS & CO.,
No. 353 BROADWAY.

N. B.—Both the above Paintings ARE TO BE PRESENTED to the general body of CASH SUBSCRIBERS to the *fac simile* of CHURCH'S NIAGARA, with other advantages, for which see prospectus, which will be forwarded on application.

THE FAC SIMILE BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED IN OIL COLORS after the original now publishing.

ARTISTS' PROOFS, mounted, $30; PRINTS, $15.

Admission to both Paintings, 25 cents.

HOSIERY
AND
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

UNION ADAMS,
637 BROADWAY,
FOUR DOORS BELOW BLEECKER STREET,

Respectfully invites your attention to an extensive and superior variety of the above goods, many styles of which can not be found elsewhere.

Importing and manufacturing largely, he can offer superior inducements to every class of buyers.

The price of every article is marked in plain figures, and all goods sold, not giving satisfaction, may be returned, and the money will be refunded cheerfully.

THE MATHEMATICAL MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER

Contains, besides the usual variety of mathematical matter, the commencement of an article on Donati's Comet, by George P. Bond, to be completed in the December Number. The article is written in a popular style, and illustrated by twenty wood-cuts and two fine mezzotint views of the comet, as seen through the great twenty-three feet Equatorial of the Observatory of Harvard College.

Published by JOHN BARTLETT, Cambridge, Mass.

For sale by Ross & Tousey, Dexter & Brothers, New York.

Terms, $3 00 per annum; Two copies to one address, $5 00; Five copies, $11 00.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Warerooms 694 Broadway.

C. & SONS have been awarded 35 prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the last 35 years.

Also, for sale,
MASON AND HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR
MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS,
For parlors, churches, vestries, and lodges,
At wholesale and retail.
Boston, Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1307 Chestnut St.
PIANOS TO RENT.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.—IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

A new family SEWING MACHINE, combining the latest improvements, at the extreme low price of

FIFTY DOLLARS.

The prices of all our standard Machines have been greatly reduced. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, it is well known, though dearer in price, have always been cheaper, in fact, considering what they will do, than any other. The prices are now reduced so that all must be satisfied. Call and examine the new Machines at the low prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

"OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POTS.

"OLD DOMINION" TEA POTS.

USED BY EVERYBODY.
E. P. TORREY,
MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AGENT.
9 Platt Street, N. Y.

DEDICATED TO
CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.,

THE ATLANTIC CABLE BOUQUET, Distilled from ocean spray and fragrant flowers, prepared especially in honor of the national ovation held in New York, Sept. 1. E. DUPUY, Family Chemist, 609 Broadway. Sold every where.

GET THE BEST.

HARDING'S EDITIONS
OF THE
HOLY BIBLE.

The subscribers have recently stereotyped several new sets of plates of Family Bibles, the type of which is clear, beautiful, and of extra large size. The text is the most reliable, being carefully revised and corrected, from the Original Edition of the year 1610. These editions are printed in the very best manner, upon fine white paper, and illustrated with numerous fine steel plates and brilliant illuminations, new family record, &c. The binding embraces every variety of finish, rich turkey morocco, antique, and other magnificent styles. The prices are greatly reduced to suit the wants of the times, varying from one to fifty dollars, thereby placing a copy of the Holy Bible within the reach of every family in the land, however limited its means.

PULPIT BIBLES for all religious denominations; and also those suitable for the various associations, including the Masonic and Odd-Fellows' fraternities, &c.

☞ All Communications promptly attended to.

JESPER HARDING & SON,
121 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

"No Library is complete without them."

NOW READY.
DERBY & JACKSON'S Library Editions of
THE STANDARD BRITISH CLASSICS,
In uniform 12mo size and style.

Price per volume, in Cloth, $1 25; Sheep, Library Style, $1 50; Half Calf, Gilt or Antique, $2 25.

FIFTY VOLUMES, IN TWO NEAT CASES, AS FOLLOWS:

Addison's Works, 6 vols. Johnson's Works, 2 vols.
Goldsmith's Works, 4 vols. Defoe's Works, 2 vols.
Fielding's Works, 4 vols. Lamb's Works, 5 vols.
Smollett's Works, 6 vols. Hazlitt's Works, 5 vols.
Sterne's Works, 2 vols. Leigh Hunt's Works, 4 vols.
Swift's Works, 6 vols. Boswell's Johnson, 4 vols.

Each work is illustrated with one or more fine Steel Engravings.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
No. 119 Nassau Street, New York.

⁂ The above sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

THE JULIA.
By the Author of "Vara" and "Nellie of Truro." $1.

"This new volume is another shining member of an already lovely sisterhood. First 'Vara' shone in upon us, and then 'Nellie,' pretty Nellie; and last, but not least, 'Julia' comes before us, claiming our tribute of hearty admiration. It has not many superiors in the modern novel line."—*Pres. Herald.*

"There is no mawkishness, no affected sentimentality, but an honest, independent, going through with the work in hand with a primary regard to religious principle."—*Presbyterian.*

"It is life-like in its portraitures, and contains many humorous passages."—*Palladium.*

"Its views of religion and religious duty are such as will meet the approval of Christian readers, while its variety of incident, and its vivid sketches of character, render it entertaining and absorbing."—*Zion's Herald.*

"We may as well confess that we have a grudge against the book for depriving us of half a night's sleep."—*Congregational Herald.*

Just published, by
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
No. 530 Broadway.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.
ARE ONLY published by
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston,

Who forward them, post-paid (with full and special directions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.

Dealers and Teachers supplied.

☞ *PLEASE TO READ THIS!* ☜

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Wanted, persons in every town and village to circulate new and useful Pictorial Works. Book Agents, Farmers' Sons, everybody with a *small cash capital*, can make money by selling our books. Discount liberal. Catalogues and all letters sent free to applicants. For further particulars address, post-paid,

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 181 William Street, New York.

GENIN'S
NEW FUR AND CLOAK STORE,
No. 507 Broadway,
St. Nicholas Hotel,
For the sale of
LADIES' FURS AND LADIES' CLOAKS.

The assortment of Furs embraces the richest sets of RUSSIAN SABLE, HUDSON BAY SABLE, ROYAL ERMINE, MINK, MARTEN, AND A CHOICE STOCK OF CHILDREN'S FURS.

THE CLOAK DEPARTMENT
comprises all the
REIGNING PARIS STYLES
and designs by the modistes of the Bazaar, of the most fashionable materials and trimmings.

JOHN N. GENIN,
No. 507 Broadway,
Connecting with Genin's Bazaar, No. 513 Broadway,
St. Nicholas Hotel.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

A NEW STYLE. PRICE $50.

495 Broadway, New York.
18 Summer Street, Boston.
730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

These Machines sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequaled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

FASHIONABLE Card Engravers and Wedding Stationers—Rich Jewelry, Fine Watches, Sterling Silver Ware. *Orders from the Country solicited.* DEMPSEY & FARGIS, 603 Broadway, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—The original and genuine article!!! For purifying the blood. An unfailing remedy for scrofula, cutaneous and biliary disorders.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND
—IN—
FIFTEEN DAYS.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S
COURTSHIP
—OF—
MILES STANDISH,
—AND—
OTHER POEMS.

1 vol. .... 16mo.

Price .... 75 Cents.

"In the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' the author transports the reader back over more than two centuries, to the bleak, rocky coast of Plymouth, covered with the few scattered houses of the handful of Pilgrim colonists, who constituted the first ship-load of the Mayflower. It will do more to throw an attractive, familiar light upon the bleak shores of Plymouth, and the grim-visaged Puritan colonists who landed upon them, than all the New England Society Orations and labored historical eulogies that were ever uttered or printed. Hereafter, the basis of popular acquaintance with the Pilgrim Fathers will be found in this idyl of Mr. Longfellow's."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PUBLISHED BY
TICKNOR & FIELDS,
BOSTON,
Who will send by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price named.

M. FINKLE'S LATEST IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES.—These Machines are *first class*, particularly adapted to family use and business purposes; the most simple, reliable, and best fitted for general use of any machines now offered for sale. Call and examine, at 421 Broadway, cor. Canal St., N. Y.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS HAVE OPENED and ready for sale, for the coming season, to the
RETAIL TRADE,
The most extensive and the richest assortment of
LADIES' FURS
Ever offered by them.

Our goods, which we announce, are prepared and manufactured with our usual care, and expressly intended for retail custom. The styles as offered for inspection, will be found to comprise all the leading and desirable patterns now in demand. We also direct particular attention to our large and very choice stock of

RUSSIAN AND HUDSON'S BAY SABLES,
Of recent importation.

All of which we offer at the most advantageous prices.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS,
46 Maiden Lane.

GEO. B. SLOAT & CO.,
DOUBLE AND SINGLE THREAD
SEWING MACHINES
For Family and Manufacturing Purposes.
We Defy Competition.
Prices from $15 to $60.
C. W. THOMAS & CO.,
Agents,
480 Broadway,
New York.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!! RIBBONS!!!
PANIC PRICES—PANIC PRICES.
EXTRAORDINARY RUN OF CUSTOMERS
TO THE
CASH RIBBON HOUSE.
JOHN FARRELL,
116 Chambers Street, N. Y.
November, the last Month for
FALL SEASON.

TREES AND PLANTS.

PARSONS & CO. are now delivering trees and plants from their grounds at

FLUSHING, NEAR NEW YORK,

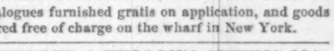
and invite the attention of buyers to their large assortment of thrifty and well-grown

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND PLANTS.

Catalogues furnished gratis on application, and goods delivered free of charge on the wharf in New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—NEW STYLE, Price $50.—VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.—A new Tension and a Hemmer that turns hems of any width without previous basting. Office, 343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DIAGRAM OF THE LOCK STITCH.



This is the only Stitch that can not be raveled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it. Send for circular.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 329 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.

JOHN K. HOPPEL.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed! Burnett's Cocoaine, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and prombting its healthy growth.

PATENT ANGLESEY LEG AND ARTIFICIAL HAND. These unrivaled substitutes for lost Limbs are supplied only by WM. SELPHO, 516 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.

WELLS'S SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

1. SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS. 75 cents.
2. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. 372 cuts. (Revised.) $1 00.
3. PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. 242 cuts. $1. (New.)

By DAVID A WELLS, M.D., Editor of "Annual of Scientific Discovery," "Knowledge is Power," &c.

Embodying the latest researches in physical science, and excelling in their lucid style, numerous facts, copious illustrations (over 700), and practical applications of science to the arts of every-day life.

These works are pronounced by distinguished professors, practical teachers, and by the press generally, to be not only scientifically accurate, but eminently attractive, practical, and interesting.

Mr. WELLS'S scientific qualifications have been certified by Professors BACHE, HENRY, AGASSIZ, HAYES, JACKSON, HORSFORD, WAMAN and EMMONS, LIEUT. MAURY, and others. As a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, as an Assistant Professor in that Institution, as a pupil of Prof. Agassiz, and as a Practical Chemist and Physicist, his experience in teaching and in theoretical and applied science has been extensive and varied. His establishment and editorship of *The Annual of Scientific Discovery* for eight years past, and his several other publications, have rendered his name a favorite with cultivators of science—some of his publications having been adopted in the schools of Great Britain.

Testimonials to the high merit of these works, occupying FIVE LARGE COLUMNS from distinguished Professors, practical Teachers, and able scientific, literary, and other journals throughout the Union, will be sent on request. The Philosophy has already reached its 11th edition, and is in satisfactory use in many of the best institutions of our principal cities.

Specimen volumes sent to TEACHERS, prepaid, for half price, with a view to introduction into classes if approved.

IVISON & PHINNEY,
No. 321 Broadway, New York.

THE PERFECTION OF TOILET SOAPS.
YARDLEY & STATHAM'S SUNFLOWER OIL SOAP.

The Sunflower Oil Soap is manufactured only by Messrs. Yardley & Statham, London, from the original recipe of the inventor, C. B. Fleetwood, Esq., Practical Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

This Soap imparts an agreeable softness and elasticity to the skin, lathers freely, and has a refreshing and *lasting perfume*. It is the most agreeable and useful Soap extant.

The Right Hon. Lord Hatherton says: "I have recommended all of my friends to use your Sunflower Oil Soap; it is incomparably the best Soap I know."

Sole Agents for the United States:
J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,
Importers of Druggists' Fancy Goods,
91 Fulton Street, New York, 31 Milk Street, Boston.

LADIES VISITING THE SEA-SIDE, TOURISTS, AND
TRAVELERS
Will find the application of
GODFREY'S EXTRACT
OF
ELDER FLOWERS

both cooling and refreshing to the Face and Skin, allaying all heat and irritability, removing Eruptions, Sunburn, Freckles, and Tan, and rendering the skin soft, clean, and healthy. Price One Dollar.

EUGENE DUPUY, 609 Broadway,
Family Chemist.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CLOSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

No Magazine in Europe or America is so well known; none has half as many readers; and, we may safely say, none has received so large a tribute of admiration from the cultivated classes, that delight in a healthy, diversified, elevating periodical literature. It not only covers a broader ground than any similar publication, but it is more distinctly planned as a popular educator in all the departments of an agreeable and instructive miscellany than any work of which we have knowledge. In the fresher forms of history, in articles of illustrated travel, in biographical portraiture, in every variety of essay, from the graceful sketch of manners and customs to the didactic exposition of great moral topics, in pleasant stories and animated narratives, it is the foremost Magazine of the day. The fireside never had a more delightful companion, nor the million a more entertaining friend than Harper's Magazine.—*Methodist Protestant* (Baltimore).

Each number rivals its predecessors in attractiveness. To the general reader it is the *deliciæ literarum.* The Editor's Drawer, &c., make it more attractive and useful. It is conducted with marked vigor and decided taste, and is worthy of the vast circulation which it enjoys.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

This Magazine has surely the pre-eminence of all others. It is cheap, rich, useful, and attractive.—*Wesleyan Banner.*

Replete with interesting and useful reading matter, well illustrated.—*Philadelphia Christian Advocate.*

Our estimate is unabated of its substantial literary merits. It is one of the wonders of this printing age that so much first-rate reading matter, so handsomely gotten up, can be furnished for 25 cents.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

It is elegantly executed, replete with the most curious information, and beautifully illustrated.—*Southern Methodist Quarterly Review.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

⁂ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.